DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 373 018 SO 024 488

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TITLE	The Ghost Dance: The Indian Removal after the Civil War. A Unit of Study for Grades 8-12.
INSTITUTION	National Center for History in the Schools, Los Angeles, CA.
SPONS AGENCY	National Endowment for the Humanities (NFAH), Washington, D.C.
PUB DATE	91
NOTE	101p.
AVAILABLE FROM	National Center for History in the Schools, 10880 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 761, Los Angeles, CA 90024-4108.
PUB TYPE	Guides - Classroom Use - Teaching Guides (For Teacher) (052)
EDRS PRICE	MF01/PC05 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	*American Indian Culture; American Indian History; American Indian Reservations; *American Indians; *Culture Conflict; Federal Indian Relationship; Grade 8; Grade 9; Grade 10; Grade 11; Grade 12; History Instruction; North American History; Primary Sources; *Religion; *Relocation; Secondary Education; Social Studies; Tribes
IDENTIFIERS	*Ghost Dance Movement; Paiute (Tribe)

ABSTRACT

This document is a collection of lessons for teaching about the Ghost Dance Movement originated by Wovoka (Jack Wilson) during the Indian removal after the Civil War. The lesson unit represents a dramatic moment in history from which students can examine the deeper meanings of the selected landmark event and explore its wider context in the historical narrative. By studying a crucial turning point in history, the student becomes aware that choices had to be made by real human beings, that those decisions were the result of specific factors, and that they set in motion a series of historical consequences. The dramatic moment is based on primary sources, taken from documents, artifacts, journals, diaries, newspapers, and literature from the period. The unit consists of teacher background materials and lesson plans with student resources. The teacher background section provides an overview of the entire unit and the historical information and context necessary to link the dramatic movement to the larger historical narrative. The lesson plans include a variety of ideas and approaches for the teacher. The accompanying resources consist of primary source documents, any handouts or student background materials, and bibliographies. This unit focuses on (1) the geographical location of Indians and white settlers in the West; (2) government Indian policies; (3) options available to white policymakers in this period; and (4) Native American response to the crisis of the Second Great Removal. A timeline is included. The 3 lessons are: (1) an introduction to the ghost dance and Indian removal after the Civil War; (2) the Senate debate; and (3) the ghost dance. (DK)

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THE GHOST DANCE: THE INDIAN REMOVAL AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

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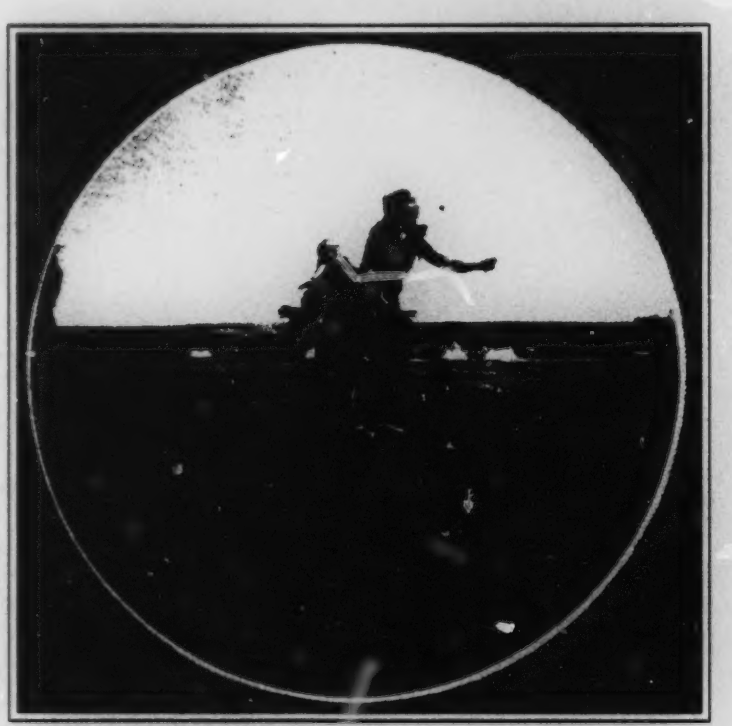
A UNIT OF STUDY FOR GRADES 8-12

By Alli Jason
Teacher Associate, NCHS



Photograph by James Mooney, c. 1893.

NATIONAL CENTER FOR HISTORY IN THE SCHOOLS
A Cooperative Research Program of the
University of California, Los Angeles
and the National Endowment for the Humanities

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In addition to the contributions of author Alli Jason, Supervising Historian Gary Nash, Unit Editor Tom Ingersoll, and Project Director Linda Symcox, the Center also acknowledges the important contributions of the following to this teaching unit: contributions of Margaret McMillen for photo research and copy-editing; Leticia Zermeno for copyright-research activities; Alexey Root for proofreading; and Pamela Hamilton for assistance in inputting and desktop publishing. Special appreciation is due to Brenda Thomas who created the desktop layouts and unit designs, and brought the publication to final completion.

We gratefully recognize Beverly Hills High School and the Beverly Hills Unified School District for supporting Teacher Associate Alli Jason's participation in the Center's 1988-89 U. S. History Institutes in which this unit was developed. Recognition is also given to all the Teacher Associates of this Institute who reviewed, offered professional guidance, and assisted in field testing of the unit.

Finally, we acknowle[illegible]e the continuing contributions of the National Endowment for the Humanities which es[illegible]olished the National Center for History in the Schools in March 1988 and has generously supported this activity.

For information on additional teaching units and other resources from the Center, please write:

National Center for History in the Schools
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APPROACH AND RATIONALE

By Linda Symcox

The National Center for History in the Schools has developed the following collection of lessons for teaching **The Ghost Dance: The Indian Removal After the Civil War.** Our units are the fruit of a year-long collaboration between history professors and experienced teachers of both United States and World History. They represent specific "**dramatic moments**" in history from which you and your students can pause to delve into the deeper meanings of selected landmark events and explore their wider context in the great historical narrative.

In our approach, the continuing narrative provides the context in which the dramatic moment is situated. By studying a crucial turning-point in history, the student becomes aware that choices had to be made by real human beings, that those decisions were the result of specific factors, and that they set in motion a series of historical consequences. We have selected dramatic moments that best bring alive that decision-making process. We hope that through this approach, your students will realize that history is an ongoing, open-ended process, and that the decisions they make today create the conditions of tomorrow's history.

Our dramatic moments are based on **primary sources**, taken from documents, artifacts, journals, diaries, newspapers and literature from the period under study. As you know, a primary source is a **first-hand** account of any event in history. For example, the telecast or the script of a speech would be a primary source. A secondary source is a **second-hand** account of an event. This would be, for example, the newspaper account of the speech the next day or a newscaster's report about the speech. All historical accounts, such as textbooks, are by their very

nature secondary sources. What we hope to achieve using primary source documents in these lessons is to remove the distance that students feel from historical events and to connect them more intimately with the past. In this way we hope to re-create for your students a sense of "being there," a sense of seeing history through the eyes of the very people who were making decisions. This will help your students develop historical empathy, to realize that history is not an impersonal process divorced from real people like themselves. At the same time, by analyzing primary sources, students will actually practice the historian's craft, discovering for themselves how to analyze evidence, establish a valid interpretation and construct a coherent narrative in which all the relevant factors play a part.

CONTENT AND ORGANIZATION

Within this unit, you will find: 1) **Teacher Background Materials** and 2) **Lesson Plans** with **Student Resources**. This unit, as we have said above, focuses on certain key moments in time and should be used as a supplement to your customary course materials. We have chosen to pitch the various lessons on different grade levels and they can usually be adapted to a slightly higher or lower level.

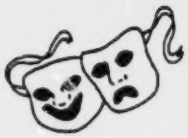
The **Teacher Background** section should provide you with a good overview of the entire unit and with the historical information and context necessary to link the specific **Dramatic Moment** to the larger historical narrative. You may consult it for your own use, and you may choose to share it with students if they are of a sufficient grade level to understand the materials.

The **Lesson Plans** include a variety of ideas and approaches for the teacher which can be elaborated upon or

cut as you see the need. These lesson plans contain student resources which accompany each lesson. These resources consist of primary source documents, any handouts or student background materials, and in many cases, a bibliography for the unit.

In our series of teaching units, each collection can be taught in several ways. You can teach all of the lessons offered on any given topic, or you can select and adapt the ones that best support your particular course needs. We have not attempted to be comprehensive or prescriptive in our offerings, but rather to give you an array of enticing possibilities for in-depth study, at varying grade levels. We hope that you will find the lesson plans exciting and stimulating for your classes. We also hope that your students will never again see history as a boring sweep of inevitable facts and meaningless dates but rather as an endless treasure of real life stories, and an exercise in analysis and reconstruction, rather than rote memorization.

A DRAMATIC MOMENT



"WHEN GREAT SPIRIT COMES THIS WAY"

All Indians must dance, everywhere, keep on dancing. Pretty soon in next spring Great Spirit come. He bring back all game of every kind. The game be thick everywhere. All dead Indians come back and live again. They all be strong just like young men be young again. Old blind Indian see again and get young and have fine time. When Great Spirit comes this way, then all the Indians go to mountains, high up away from whites. Whites can't hurt Indians then. Then while Indians go way up high, big flood comes like water and all white people die, get drowned. After than, water go way and then nobody but Indians everywhere and game all kinds thick. Then medicine man tell Indians to send word to all Indians to keep up dancing and the good time will come. Indians who don't dance, who don't believe in this word, will grow little, just about a foot high, and stay that way. Some of them will be turned into wood and be burned in fire.

Wovoka, The Paiute Messiah

Paul D. Bailey. Ghost Dance Messiah. Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1970.

Wovoka, or Jack Wilson,.the Paiute shaman who originated the Ghost Dance religion. Photo courtesy of the Nevada Historical Society.

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TEACHER BACKGROUND MATERIALS

I. UNIT OVERVIEW AND RATIONALE

The westward moving white Americans clashed with the Native Americans as they moved west of the Mississippi River after the Civil War. The whites sought to take advantage of the Homestead Act of 1862 that granted them free land. The Indians in the West had been there either for hundreds of generations or since they had been driven there by whites from east of the Mississippi in the first great removal of Indians in the 1830's. The federal government now drastically altered national policies on the Indians to displace them and make room for the white ranchers and miners.

An increased understanding of the role of the American Indian in our past is crucial to an understanding of the development of our nation, our ideals, our actions and our policies. As President Rutherford B. Hayes admitted in 1877, *"Many, if not most, of our Indian wars have had their origin in broken promises and acts of injustice upon our part..."* Students should be exposed to the interplay of legislation, on-the-spot military decisions, and assumptions of cultural superiority that made possible the destruction of the Plains Indian nations. The unit employs situational activities with roles for students that will enable them to understand these factors better. The unit also explores one way the Indians tried to revitalize their cultures amid the tragedy.

II. UNIT CONTEXT

This unit could be employed immediately after lessons on Reconstruction or it could be introduced in conjunction with lessons on the westward migration whenever it fits. The unit could even be employed out of chronological context as an introduction to the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934, by which federal policies of the preced-

ing century were reversed.

III. UNIT OBJECTIVES

1. To study the geographical location of Indians and white settlers in the West.

2. To demonstrate government Indian policies through class discussions and exercises.

3. To consider options available to white policy-makers in this period and discover how policies changed over time.

4. To show how Native Americans responded to the crisis of the Second Great Removal.

IV. INTRODUCTION TO THE GHOST DANCE: THE INDIAN REMOVAL AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

Since the founding of the United States, the Indians were regarded as an obstacle to American expansion. The Jeffersonians adopted a philanthropic program of "civilizing" and absorbing the Indians into the American population. However, even though nations such as the Cherokee adopted rapidly to "walking the white man's road," the federal government under President Andrew Jackson adopted the policy of removing Indians as far west as possible. With the forced removal of the Southern Indians (the "Five Civilized Tribes") west of the Mississippi River to present day Oklahoma in the 1830's, Jeffersonian philanthropy was abandoned.

During the Civil War, some of the western Indians sided with the Confederacy, which led the United States Army to regard all Indians as traitors. In New Mexico during the war, for example, Colonel Kit Carson held 8,500 Navajos in captivity for several years. When the war ended, the Army had provoked peaceful Cheyennes and others to war, and when a congressional commission advocated relocating all remaining Indians to present-day South Dakota and Oklahoma, the major Indian nations declared war. General Philip Sheridan, famous for saying *"the only good Indian is a dead Indian,"* was assigned the task of defeating them over the next decade.

Meanwhile, white pioneers, hunters, and railroad crews disrupted the migration patterns of buffalo and wantonly slaughtered them. The buffalo was a central element in Plains Indian culture. It provided a principal food source and hides were used for clothing and shelter. Buffalo also figured prominently in Plains Indians religious and ceremonial life.

Congress added to these pressures beginning in 1870 by passing legislation that ended the original policy of regarding Indian nations as sovereign. Congress extended direct federal jurisdiction to the reservations to undermine tribal leadership and prevent Indian gatherings for religious ceremonies. In 1887, a major new law expanded upon this logic. By the Dawes Severalty Act, Indians were no longer to be regarded as members of specific Indian nations, but only as individuals. They were offered homestead grants of 160 acres, designed to force them into an agrarian economy and lure them away from their tribes. In actual operation, the act was the means of depriving Indians of two-thirds of their remaining lands and leaving 100,000 of them landless.

The Indians negotiated, fought back, or tried to stay clear of whites, but whatever tactics they chose, their numbers declined dramatically and they seemed on the road to extinction, which was regretted by only a few Americans of conscience.

Some Indians responded to this utter degradation by joining a movement called the Ghost Dance religion, which promised a better life in the near future. This too was regarded as threatening by whites and the Army was ordered to stamp it out.

The Ghost Dance was a religious revitalization movement among Indians after 1870, in which believers were assured that a day was near when Indians would be relieved of their oppression by the white people. It had spread among the Sioux in South Dakota. In 1890, the U.S. agent on the Sioux reservation ordered Indian police to arrest Sioux Chief Sitting Bull; when he refused to cooperate, he and his son were shot dead in a struggle. The other Sioux—mostly women and children—fled in a panic into the badlands, but severe weather and hunger soon forced

them to return and surrender to soldiers at Wounded Knee Creek, South Dakota.

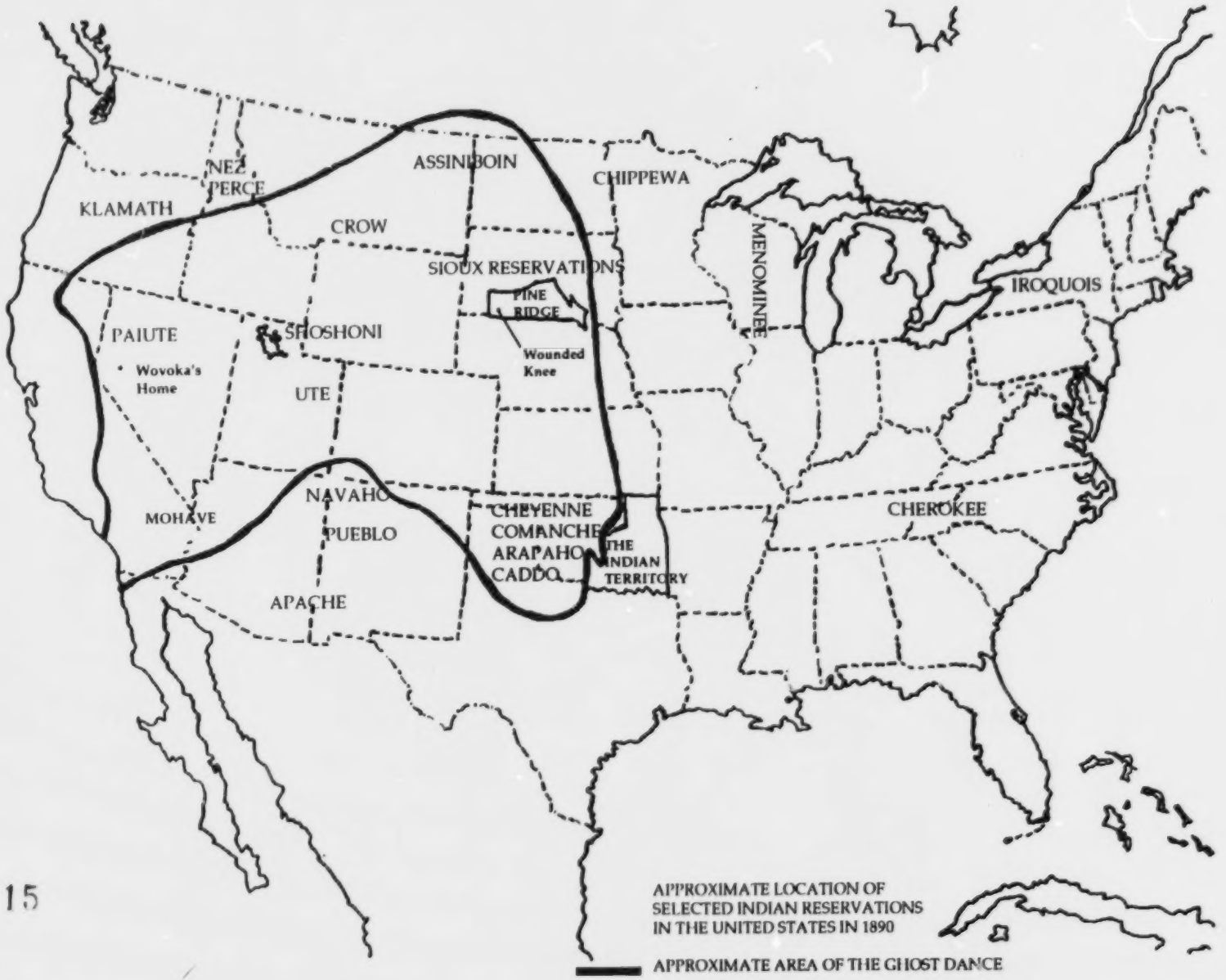
At Wounded Knee, after many Indians were disarmed, one resisted, and in a scuffle an officer was killed by a stray shot. The soldiers then opened fire on the Indians, who tried to flee to a gulch for protection, but three hundred were massacred by soldiers using Gatling guns. An Indian named Black Elk came upon the massacre just as it ended. He said *"I wished that I had died too, but I was not sorry for the women and children. It was better for them to be happy in the other world, and I wanted to be there too. But before I went there I wanted to have revenge."* He never had his revenge because this was the last bloody confrontation between Indians and whites for many years.

V. LESSON PLANS

1. United States Indian Policy in the 19th Century

2. The Senate Debate

3. The Ghost Dance


NEZ PERCE
KLAMATH
ASSINIBOIN
CHIPPEWA
CROW
SIOUX RESERVATIONS
PINE RIDGE
Wounded Knee
MENOMINEE
IROQUOIS
PAIUTE
SHOSHONI
Wovoka's Home
UTE
NAVAHO
MOHAVE
PUEBLO
CHEYENNE
COMANCHE
ARAPAHO
CADDO
THE INDIAN TERRITORY
CHEROKEE
APACHE
APPROXIMATE LOCATION OF SELECTED INDIAN RESERVATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1890
APPROXIMATE AREA OF THE GHOST DANCE

15

16

LESSON ONE

UNITED STATES INDIAN POLICY IN THE 19TH CENTURY

A. Objectives (Two Days)

1. To introduce the subject of Indian removal.

2. To prepare lesson activities for the following day.

B. Lesson Activities

1. Present a timeline as a means of introduction or review the subject of Indian policies in the nineteenth century, using **WORKSHEET I.**

   a. As each shift in policy is noted, ask students to tell how the Indians reacted. Note that one reaction to the pushing of new tribes onto land used by earlier claimants led to inter-tribal warfare.

   b. End the timeline session with a description of the massacre at Wounded Knee in 1890 (from the Teacher's Background). Spend a few minutes sharing students' responses to this event: What cultural attitudes could lead men to mow down defenseless women and children?

2. Prepare for a "Congressional Hearing" on the following day, based upon **DOCUMENT A**, "An Indian's Views of Indian Affairs," by Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé (1879); **DOCUMENT B**, "Report of the Indian Agent at the Cheyenne and Arapaho Agency" (1885); and **DOCUMENT C**, "Wars and Their Causes," from *Life Among the Piutes* by Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins (1883).

   a. Half of the class will assume roles as members of

the Select Committee on Indian Affairs in the year 1879; they will be equally divided politically (Republicans and Democrats) on the committee. Sitting in front of them will be a few selected students who will assume the role of the Indians during this period of time. These students will choose the most important or effective passages in Document A to read or present in front of the committee. The rest of the students will be journalists, members of the press.

b. Committee members will be responsible for listening and then asking the Indians questions concerning their viewpoints; their questions will be based on **DOCUMENTS B** and **C**—the report of the Indian Agent and the account of Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins. The Indians will be responsible for explaining their views. The journalists will be responsible for conducting an interview with either a member of the committee or an Indian or both and shall write a story release for their particular journal, newspaper, or periodical.

c. To begin the hearing, have students take their appropriate seats in the Congressional hearing room; classroom arranged accordingly; any identifying signs, labels, posters set up; Indian group will begin by voicing their views—limit 10-15 minutes; Committee members introduce themselves and begin their line of questions—limit 10-15 minutes; questions from the journalists will take final time of the class.

d. Debriefing the role-playing; students discuss their feelings, attitudes about their role. Were views and questions clearly presented? What were the goals, objectives of the groups? Were the group members successful in achieving their goals? Were

issues, problems being listened to and understood? Were the group members able to work together and compromise in order to accomplish their goals? In students' opinion what was accomplished in the hearing?

3. Homework Assignment for Lesson Two:

In preparation for **LESSON TWO**, assign the reading of **DOCUMENT D**, "Senate Debate on Feeding vs. Fighting the Indians" (1875).

a. Assign the roles of the four specific senators to four students who will present the debate the next day. (When Senators address "The president," they meant the Vice-President, who presides over the Senate as its president.)

b. The rest of the students should be assigned the role of journalists, writing questions based on the document, or of Senators who may contribute to the debate with appropriate arguments not in the document.

C. Evaluation

The teacher should review reports by the journalists, make selections for copying and distributing to the class for comment later in the lesson.

STUDENT RESOURCE: WORKSHEET I

TIMELINE

1820-1850	The federal government pushed eastern Indians west of the Mississippi, where they would occupy the land along with the Plains tribes. The various nations balked, but were too weak to resist.
1850-1871	Federal and state governments made treaties with tribes to allow settlers to pass safely through Indian lands—or treaties to give up land and move farther west. Forts were built and troops were kept in the West to protect settlers moving through Indian lands and enforce treaties. Large reservations were created to separate Indians and whites.
1871-1886	End of treaty making: Indians were now to be treated as wards of the government and forcibly settled on these reservations.
1887-1934	The national policy was to break up nations and tribes.

HISTORICAL RESOURCE: DOCUMENT A

"AN INDIAN'S VIEWS OF INDIAN AFFAIRS"
(Primary Source)

CHAPTER VII.

INTRODUCTION.

I wish that I had words at command in which to express adequately the interest with which I have read the extraordinary narrative which follows, and which I have the privilege of introducing to the readers of this "Review." I feel, however, that this apologia is so boldly marked by the charming naiveté and tender pathos which characterize the red-man, that it needs no introduction, much less any authentication; while in its smothered fire, in its deep sense of eternal righteousness and of present evil, and in its hopeful longings for the coming of a better time, this Indian chief's appeal reminds us of one of the old Hebrew prophets of the days of the captivity.

I have no special knowledge of the history of the Nez Percés, the Indians whose tale of sorrow Chief Joseph so pathetically tells—my Indian missions lying in a part at the West quite distant from their old home—and am not competent to judge their case upon its merits. The chief's narrative is, of course, ex parte, and many of his statements would not doubt be ardently disputed. General Howard, for instance, can hardly receive justice at his hands, so well known is he for his friendship to the Indian and for his distinguished success in pacifying some of the most desperate.

It should be remembered, too, in justice to the army, that it is rarely called upon to interfere in Indian affairs until the relations between the Indians and the whites have reached a desperate condition, and when the situation of affairs has become so involved and feeling on both sides runs so high that perhaps only more than human forbearance would attempt to solve the difficulty by disentangling the knot and not by cutting it.

Nevertheless, the chief's narrative is marked by so much candor, and so careful is he to qualify his statements, when qualification seems necessary, that every reader will give him credit for speaking his honest, even should they be thought by some to be mistaken, convictions. The chief, in his treatment of his defense,

reminds one of those lawyers of whom we have heard that their splendid success was gained, not by disputation, but simply by their lucid and straightforward statement of their case. That he is something of a strategist as well as an advocate appears from this description of an event which occurred shortly after the breaking out of hostilities: "We crossed over Salmon River, hoping General Howard would follow. We were not disappointed. He did follow us, and we got between him and his supplies, and cut him off for three days." Occasionally the reader comes upon touches of those sentiments and feelings which at once establish a sense of kinship between all who possess them. Witness his description of his desperate attempt to rejoin his wife and children when a sudden dash of General Miles's soldiers had cut the Indian camp in two: "About seventy men, myself among them, were cut off....I thought of my wife and children, who were now surrounded by soldiers, and I resolved to go to them. With a prayer in my mouth to the Great Spirit Chief who rules above, I dashed unarmed through the line of soldiers....My clothes were cut to pieces, my horse was wounded, but I was not hurt." And again, when he speaks of his father's death: "I saw he was dying. I took his hand in mine. He said: 'My son, my body is returning to my mother Earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief....A few more years and the white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body—never sell the bones of your father and your mother.' I pressed my father's hand, and told him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled, and passed away to the spirit-land. I buried him in that beautiful valley of Winding Waters. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal."

His appeals to the natural rights of man are surprisingly fine, and, however some may despise them as the utterances of an Indian, they are just those which, in our Declaration of Independence, have been most admired. "We are all sprung from a women," he says, "although we are unlike in many things. You are as you were made, and, as you were made, you can remain. We are just as we were made by the Great Spirit, and you can not change us: then, why should children of one mother quarrel? Why should one try to cheat another? I do not believe that the Great Spirit Chief gave one kind of men the right to tell another kind of men what they must do."

But I will not detain the readers of the "Review" from the pleasure of perusing for themselves Chief Joseph's statement longer than is necessary to express the

hope that those who have time for no more will at least read its closing paragraph, and to remark that the narrative brings clearly out these facts which ought to be regarded as well-recognized principles in dealing with the red-man:

1. The folly of any mode of treatment of the Indian which is not based upon a cordial and operative acknowledgment of his rights as our fellow man.

2. The danger of riding rough-shod over a people who are capable of high enthusiasm, who know and value their national rights, and are brave enough to defend them.

3. The liability to want of harmony between different departments and different officials of our complex Government, from which it results that, while many promises are made to the Indians, few of them are kept. It is a home-thrust when Chief Joseph says: "The white people have too many chiefs. They do not understand each other....I can not understand how the Government sends a man out to fight us, as it did General Miles, and then break his word. Such a Government has something wrong about it."

4. The unwisdom, in most cases in dealing with Indians, of what may be termed military short-cuts, instead of patient discussion, explanations, persuasion,and reasonable concessions.

5. The absence in an Indian tribe of any truly representative body competent to make a treaty which shall be binding upon all the bands. The failure to recognize this fact has been the source of endless difficulties. Chief Joseph, in this case, did not consider a treaty binding which his band had not agreed to, no matter how many other bands had signed it; and so it has been in many other cases.

6. Indian chiefs, however able and influential, are really without power, and for this reason, as well as others, the Indians, when by the march of events they are brought into intimate relations with the whites, should at the earliest practicable moment be given the support and protection of our Government and of our law; not local law, however, which is apt to be the result of special legislation, adopted solely in the interest of the stronger race.

William H. Hare, Missionary Bishop of Niobrara.

HISTORICAL RESOURCE: DOCUMENT A

My friends, I have been asked to show you my heart. I am glad to have a chance to do so. I want the white people to understand my people. Some of you think an Indian is like a wild animal. This is a great mistake. I will tell you all about our people, and then you can judge whether an Indian is a man or not. I believe much trouble and blood would be saved if we opened our hearts more. I will tell you in my way how the Indian sees things. The white man has more words to tell you how they look to him, but it does not require many words to speak the truth. What I have to say will come from my heart, and I will speak with a straight tongue. Ah-cum-kin-i-ma-me-hut (The Great Spirit) is looking at me, and will hear me.

My name is In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat (Thunder traveling over the Mountains). I am chief of the Wal-lam-wat-kin band of Chute-pa-lu, or Nez Percés (nose pierced Indians). I was born in eastern Oregon, thirty-eight winters ago. My father was chief before me. When a young man, he was called Joseph by Mr. Spaulding, a missionary. He died a few years ago. There was no stain on his hands of the blood of a white man. He left a good name on the earth. He advised me well for my people.

Our fathers gave us many laws, which they had learned from their fathers. These laws were good. They told us to treat all men as they treated us; that we should never be the first to break a bargain; that it was a disgrace to tell a lie; that we should speak only the truth; that it was a shame for one man to take from another his wife, or his property without paying for it. We were taught to believe that the Great Spirit sees and hears everything, and that he never forgets; that hereafter he will give every man a spirit-home according to his deserts: if he has been a good man, he will have a good home; if he has been a bad man, he will have a bad home. This I believe, and all my people believe the same.

We did not know there were other people besides the Indian until about one hundred winters ago, when some men with white faces came to our country. They brought many things with them to trade for furs and skins. They brought tobacco, which was new to us. They

brought guns with flint stones on them, which frightened our women and children. Our people could not talk with these white-faced men, but they used signs which all people understand. These men were Frenchmen, and they called our people "Nez Percés," because they wore rings in their noses for ornaments. Although very few of our people wear them now, we are still called by the same name. These French trappers said a great many things to our fathers, which have been planted in our hearts. Some were good for us, but some were bad. Our people were divided in opinion about these men. Some thought they taught more bad than good. An Indian respects a brave man, but he despises a coward. He loves a straight tongue, but he hates a forked tongue. The French trappers told us some truths and some lies.

The first white men of your people who came to our country were named Lewis and Clarke. They also brought many things that our people had never seen. They talked straight, and our people gave them a great feast, as a proof that their hearts were friendly. These men were very kind. They made presents to our chiefs and our people made presents to them. We had a great many horses, of which we gave them what they needed, and they gave us guns and tobacco in return. All the Nez Percés made friends with Lewis and Clarke, and agreed to let them pass through their country, and never to make war on white men. This promise the Nez Percés have never broken. No white man can accuse them of bad faith, and speak with a straight tongue. It has always been the pride of the Nez Percés that they were the friends of the white men. When my father was a young man there came to our country a white man (Rev. Mr. Spaulding) who talked spirit law. He won the affections of our people because he spoke good things to them. At first he did not say anything about white men wanting to settle on our lands. Nothing was said about that until about twenty winters ago, when a number of white people came into our country and built houses and made farms. At first our people made no complaint. They thought there was room enough for all to live in peace, and they were learning many things from the white men that seemed to be good. But we soon found that the white men were growing rich very fast, and were greedy to possess everything the Indian had. My father was the first to see through the schemes of the

white men, and he warned his tribe to be careful about trading with them. He had suspicion of men who seemed so anxious to make money. I was a boy then, but I remember well my father's caution. He had sharper eyes than the rest of our people.

Next there came a white officer (Governor Stevens), who invited all the Nez Percés to a treaty council. After the council was opened he made known his heart. He said there were a great many white people in the country, and many more would come; that he wanted the land marked out so that the Indians and white men could be separated. If they were to live in peace it was necessary, he said, that the Indians should have a country set apart for them, and in that country they must stay. My father, who represented his band, refused to have anything to do with the council, because he wished to be a free man. He claimed that no man owned any part of the earth, and a man could not sell what he did not own.

Mr Spaulding took hold of my father's arm and said, "Come and sign the treaty." My father pushed him away, and said: "Why do you ask me to sign away my country? It is your business to talk to us about spirit matters, and not to talk to us about parting with our land." Governor Stevens urged my father to sign his treaty, but he refused. "I will not sign your paper," he said; "you go where you please, so do I; you are not a child, I am no child; I can think for myself. No man can think for me. I have no other home than this. I will not give it up to any man. My people would have no home. Take away your paper. I will not touch it with my hand."

My father left the council. Some of the chiefs of the other bands of the Nez Percés signed the treaty, and then Governor Stevens gave them presents of blankets. My father cautioned his people to take no presents, for "after a while," he said, "they will claim that you have accepted pay for your country." Since that time four bands of the Nez Percés have received annuities from the United States. My father was invited to many councils, and they tried hard to make him sign the treaty, but he was firm as the rock, and would not sign away his home. His refusal caused a difference among the Nez Percés.

Eight years later (1863) was the next treaty council. A chief called Lawyer, because he was a great talker, took the lead in this council, and sold nearly all the Nez Percés country. My father was not there. He said to me: "When you go into council with the white man, always remember your country. Do not give it away. The white man will cheat you out of your home. I have taken no pay from the United States. I have never sold our land." In this treaty Lawyer acted without authority from our band. He had no right to sell the Wallowa (winding water) country. That had always belonged to may father's own people, and the other bands had never disputed our right to it. No other Indians ever claimed Wallowa.

In order to have all people understand how much land we owned, my father planted poles around it and said:

"Inside is the home of my people—the white man may take the land outside. Inside this boundary all our people were born. It circles around the graves of our fathers, and we will never give up these graves to any man."

The United States claimed they had bought all the Nez Percés country outside of Lapwai Reservation, from Lawyer and other chiefs, but we continued to live on this land in peace until eight years ago, when white men began to come inside the bounds my father had set. We warned them against this great wrong, but they would not leave our land, and some bad blood was raised. The white men represented that we were going upon the war-path. They reported many things that were false.

The United States Government again asked for a treaty council. My father had become blind and feeble. He could no longer speak for his people. It was then that I took my father's place as chief. In this council I made my first speech to white men. I said to the agent who held the council:

"I did not want to come to this council, but I came hoping that we could save blood. The white man has no right to come here and take

our country. We have never accepted any presents from the Government. Neither Lawyer nor any other chief had authority to sell this land. It has always belonged to my people. It came unclouded to them from our fathers, and we will defend this land as long as a drop of Indian blood warms the hearts of our men."

The agent said he had orders, from the Great White Chief at Washington, for us to go upon the Lapwai Reservation, and that if we obeyed he would help us in many ways. "You must move to the agency," he said. I answered him: "I will not I do not need your help; we have plenty, and we are contented and happy if the white man will let us alone. The reservation is too small for so many people with all their stock. You can keep your presents; we can go to your towns and pay for all we need; we have plenty of horses and cattle to sell, and we won't have any help from you; we are free now; we can go where we please. Our fathers were born here. Here they lived, here they died, here are their graves. We will never leave them." The agent went away, and we had peace for a little while.

Soon after this my father sent for me. I saw he was dying. I took his hand in mine. He said: "My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more, and white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and your mother." I pressed my father's hand and told him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled and passed away to the spirit-land.

I buried him in that beautiful valley of winding waters. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal.

For a short time we lived quietly. But this could not last. White men

had found gold in the mountains around the land of winding water. They stole a great many horses from us, and we could not get them back because we were Indians. The white men told lies for each other. They drove off a great many of our cattle. Some white men branded our young cattle so they could claim them. We had no friend who would plead our cause before the law councils. It seemed to me that some of the white men in Wallowa were doing these things on purpose to get up a war. They knew that we were not strong enough to fight them. I labored hard to avoid trouble and bloodshed. We gave up some of our country to the white men, thinking that then we could have peace. We were mistaken. The white man would not let us alone. We could have avenged our wrongs many times, but we did not. Whenever the Government has asked us to help them against other Indians, we have never refused. When the white men were few and w were strong we could have killed them all off, but the Nez Percés wished to live at peace.

If we have not done so, we have not been to blame. I believe that the old treaty has never been correctly reported. If we ever owned the land we own it still, for we never sold it. In the treaty councils the commissioners have claimed that our country had been sold to the Government. Suppose a white man should come to me and say, "Joseph, I like your horses, and I want to buy them." I say to him, "No, my horses suit me, I will not sell them." Then he goes to my neighbor, and says to him: "Joseph has some good horses. I want to buy them, but he refuses to sell." My neighbor answers, "Pay me the money, and I will sell you Joseph's horses." The white man returns to me, and says, "Joseph, I have bought your horses, and you must let me have them." If we sold our lands to the Government, this is they way they were bought.

On account of the treaty made by the other bands of the Nez Percés, the white men claimed my lands. We were troubled greatly by white men crowding over the line. Some of these were good men, and we lived on peaceful terms with them, but they were not all good.

Nearly every year the agent came over from Lapwai and ordered us

on to the reservation. We always replied that we were satisfied to live in Wallowa. We were careful to refuse the presents or annuities which he offered.

Through all the years since the white men came to Wallowa we have been threatened and taunted by them and the treaty Nez Percés. They have given us no rest. We have had a few good friends among white men, and they have always advised my people to bear these taunts without fighting. Our young men were quick-tempered, and I have had great trouble in keeping them from doing rash things. I have carried a heavy load on my back ever since I was a boy. I learned then that we were but few, while the white men were many, and that we could not hold our own with them. We were like deer. They were like grizzly bears. We had a small country. Their country was large. We were contented to let things remain as the Great Spirit Chief made them. They were not; and would change the rivers and mountains if they did not suit them.

Year after year we have been threatened, but no war was made upon my people until General Howard came to our country two years ago and told us that he was the white war-chief of all that country. He said: "I have great many soldiers at my back. I am going to bring them up here, and then I will talk to you again. I will not let white men laugh at me the next time I come. The country belongs to the Government, and I intend to make you go upon the reservation."

I remonstrated with him against bringing more soldiers to the Nez Percés country. He had one house full of troops all the time at Fort Lapwai.

The next spring the agent at Umatilla agency sent an Indian runner to tell me to meet General Howard at Walla Walla. I could not go myself, but I sent my brother and five other head men to meet him, and they had a long talk.

General Howard said: "You have talked straight, and it is all right. You can stay in Wallowa." He insisted that my brother and his

company should go with him to Fort Lapwai. When the party arrived there General Howard sent out runners and called all the Indians in to a grand council. I was in that council. I said to General Howard, "We are ready to listen." He answered that he would not talk then, but would hold a council next day, when he would talk plainly. I said to General Howard: "I am ready to talk to-day. I have been in a great many councils, but I am no wiser. We are all sprung from a woman, although we are unlike in many things. We can not be made over again. You are as you were made, and as you were made you can remain. We are just as we were made by the Great Spirit, and you can not change us; then why should children of one mother and one father quarrel—why should one try to cheat the other? I do not believe that the Great Spirit Chief gave one kind of men the right to tell another kind of men what they must do."

General Howard replied: "You deny my authority, do you? You want to dictate to me, do you?"

Then one of my chiefs—Too-hool-hool-suit—rose in the council and said to General Howard: "The Great Spirit Chief made the world as it is, and as he wanted it, and he made a part of it for us to live upon. I do not see where you get authority to say that we shall not live where he placed us."

General Howard lost his temper and said: "Shut up! I don't want to hear any more of such talk. The law says you shall go upon the reservation to live, and I want you to do so, but you persist in disobeying the law" (meaning the treaty). "If you do not move, I will take the matter into my own hand, and make you suffer for your disobedience."

Too-hool-hool-suit answered: "Who are you, that you ask us to talk, and then tell me I sha'n't talk? Are you the Great Spirit? Did you make the world? Did you make the sun? Did you make the rivers to run for us to drink? Did you make the grass to grow? Did you make all these things, that you talk to us as though we were boys? If you did, then you have the right to talk as you do."

General Howard replied, "You are an impudent fellow, and I will put you in the guard-house, and then ordered a soldier to arrest him.

Too-hool-hool-suit made no resistance. He asked General Howard: "Is that your order? I don't care. I have expressed my heart to you. I have nothing to take back. I have spoken for my country. You can arrest me, but you can not change me or make me take back what I have said."

The soldiers came forward and seized my friend and took him to the guard-house. My men whispered among themselves whether they should let this thing be done. I counseled them to submit. I knew if we resisted that all the white men present, including General Howard would be killed in a moment, and we would be blamed. If I had said nothing, General Howard would never have given another unjust order against my men. I saw the danger, and, while they dragged Too-hool-hool-suit to prison, I arose and said: "I am going to talk now. I don't care whether you arrest me or not." I turned to my people and said: "The arrest of Too-hool-hool-suit was wrong, but we will not resent the insult. We were invited to this council to express our hearts, and we have done so." Too-hool-hool-suit was prisoner for five days before he was released.

The council broke up for that day. On the next morning General Howard came to my lodge, and invited me to go with him and White-Bird and Looking-Glass, to look for land for my people. As we rode along we came to some good land that was already occupied by Indians and white people. General Howard, pointing to this land, said: "If you will come on to the reservation, I will give you these lands and move these people off."

I replied: "No. It would be wrong to disturb these people. I have no right to take their homes. I have never taken what did not belong to me. I will not now."

We rode all day upon the reservation, and found no good land unoccupied. I have been informed by men who do not lie that General

HISTORICAL RESOURCE: DOCUMENT A

Howard sent a letter that night, telling the soldiers at Walla Walla to go to Wallowa Valley, and drive us out upon our return home.

In the council, next day, General Howard informed me, in a haughty spirit, that he would give my people thirty days to go back home, collect all their stock, and move on to the reservation, saying, "If you are not here in that time, I shall consider that you want to fight, and will send my soldiers to drive you on."

I said: "War can be avoided, and it ought to be avoided. I want no war. My people have always been the friends of the white man. Why are you in such a hurry? I can not get ready to move in thirty days. Our stock is scattered, and Snake River is very high. Let us wait until fall, then the river will be low. We want time to hunt up our stock and gather supplies for winter."

General Howard replied, "If you let the time run over one day, the soldiers will be there to drive you on the reservation, and all your cattle and horses outside of the reservation at that time will fall into the hands of the white men."

I knew I had never sold my country, and that I had no land in Lapwai; but I did not want bloodshed. I did not want my people killed. I did not want anybody killed. Some of my people had been murdered by white men, and the white murderers were never punished for it. I told General Howard about this, and again said I wanted no war. I wanted the people who lived upon the lands I was to occupy at Lapwai to have time to gather their harvest.

I said in my heart that, rather than have war, I would give up my country. I would give up my father's grave. I would give up everything rather than have the blood of white men upon the hands of my people.

General Howard refused to allow me more than thirty days to move my people and their stock. I am sure that he began to prepare for war at once.

HISTORICAL RESOURCE: DOCUMENT A

When I returned to Wallowa I found my people very much excited upon discovering that the soldiers were already in the Wallowa Valley. We held a council, and decided to move immediately, to avoid bloodshed.

Too-hool-hool-suit, who felt outraged by his imprisonment, talked for war, and made many of my young men willing to fight rather than be driven like dogs from the land where they were born. He declared that blood alone would wash out the disgrace General Howard had put upon him. I t required a strong heart to stand up against such talk, but I urged my people to be quiet, and not to begin a war.

We gathered all the stock we could find, and made an attempt to move. We left many of our horses and cattle in Wallowa, and we lost several hundred in crossing the river. All of my people succeeded in getting across in safety. Many if the Nez Percés came together in Rocky Cañon to hold a grand council. I went with all my people. This council lasted ten days. There was a great deal of war-talk, and a great deal of excitement. There was one young brave present whose father had been killed by a white man five years before. This man's blood was bad against white men, and he left the council calling for revenge.

Again I counseled peace, and I thought the dangers was past. We had not complied with General Howard's order because we could not, but we intended to do so as soon as possible. I was leaving the council to kill beef for my family, when news came that the young man whose father had been killed had gone out with several other hot-blooded young braves and killed four white men. He rode up to the council and shouted: "Why do you sit here like women? The war has begun already." I was deeply grieved. All the lodges were moved except my brother's and my own. I saw clearly that the war was upon us when I learned that my young men had been secretly buying ammunition. I heard then that Too-hool-hool-suit, who had been imprisoned by General Howard, had succeeded in organizing a war-party. I knew that their acts would involve all my people. I saw that the war could not then be prevented. The time had passed. I counseled peace from

the beginning. I knew that we were too weak to fight the United States. We had many grievances, but I knew that war would bring more. We had good white friends, who advised us against taking the war-path. My friend and brother, Mr. Chaspman, who has been with us since the surrender, told us just how the war would end. Mr. Chapman took sides against us, and helped General Howard. I do not blame him for doing so. He tried hard to prevent bloodshed. We hoped the white settlers would not join the soldiers. Before the war commenced we had discussed this matter all over, and many of my people were in favor of warning them that if they took no part against us they should not be molested in the event of war being begun by General Howard. This plan was voted down in the war-council.

There were bad men among my people who had quarreled with white men, and they talked of their wrongs until they roused all the bad hearts in the council. Still I could not believe that they would begin the war. I know that my young men did a great wrong, but I ask, Who was first to blame? They had been insulted a thousand times; their fathers and brothers had been killed; their mothers and wives had been disgraced; they had been driven to madness by whisky sold to them by white men; they had been told by General Howard that all their horses and cattle which they had been unable to drive out of Wallowa were to fall into the hands of white men; and, added to all this, they were homeless and desperate.

I would have given my own life if I could have undone the killing of white men by my people. I blame my young men and I blame the white men. I blame General Howard for not giving my people time to get their stock away from Wallowa. I do not acknowledge that he had the right to order me to leave Wallkowa at any time. I deny that either my father or myself ever sold that land. It is still our land. It may never again be our home, but my father sleeps there, and I love it as I love my mother. I left there, hoping to avoid bloodshed.

If General Howard had given me plenty of time to gather up my stock, and treated Too-hool-hool-suit as a man should be treated, there

would have been no war.

My friends among white men have blamed me for the war. I am not to blame. When my young men began the killing, my heart was hurt. Although I did not justify them, I remembered all the insults I had endured, and my blood was on fire. Still I would have taken my people to the buffalo country without fighting, if possible.

I could see no other way to avoid a war. We moved over to White Bird Creek, sixteen miles away, and there encamped, intending to collect our stock before leaving; but the soldiers attacked us, and the first battle was fought. We numbered in that battle sixty men, and the soldiers a hundred. The fight lasted but a few minutes, when the soldiers retreated before us for twelve miles. They lost thirty-three killed, and had seven wounded. When an Indian fights, he only shoots to kill; but soldiers shoot at random. None of the soldiers were scalped. We do not believe in scalping, nor in killing wounded men. Soldiers do not kill many Indians unless they are wounded and left upon the battle-field. Then they kill Indians.

Seven days after the first battle, General Howard arrived in the Nez Percés country, bringing seven hundred more soldiers. It was now war in earnest. We crossed over Salmon River, hoping General Howard would follow. We were not disappointed. He did follow us, and we got back between him and his supplies, and cut him off for three days. He sent out two companies to open the way. We attacked, killing one officer, two guides, and ten men.

We withdrew, hoping the soldiers would follow, but they had got fighting enough for that day. They intrenched themselves, and next day we attacked them again. The battle lasted all day, and was renewed next morning. We killed four and wounded seven or eight.

About this time General Howard found out that we were in his rear. Five days later he attacked us with three hundred and fifty soldiers and settlers. We had two hundred and fifty warriors. The fight lasted twenty-seven hours. We lost four killed and several wounded.

General Howard's loss was twenty-nine men killed and sixty wounded.

The following day the soldiers charged upon us, and we retreated with our families and stock a few miles, leaving eighty lodges to fall into General Howard's hands.

Finding that we were outnumbered, we retreated to Bitter Root Valley. Here another body of soldiers came upon us and demanded our surrender. We refused. They said, "You can not get by us." We answered, "We are going by you without fighting if you will let us, but we are going by you anyhow." We then made a treaty with these soldiers. We agreed not to molest any one, and they agreed that we might pass through the Bitter Root country in peace. We bought provisions and traded stock with white men there.

We understood that there was to be no more war. We intended to go peaceably to the buffalo country, and leave the question of returning to our country to be settled afterward.

With this understanding we traveled on for four days, and, thinking that the trouble was all over, we stopped and prepared tent-poles to take with us. We started again, and at the end of two days we saw three white men passing our camp. Thinking that peace had been made, we did not molest them. We could have killed or taken them prisoners, but we did not suspect them of being spies, which they were.

That night the soldiers surrounded our camp. About daybreak one of my men went out to look after his horses. The soldiers saw him and shot him down like a coyote. I have since learned that these soldiers were not those we left behind. They had come upon us from another direction. The new white war-chief's name was Gibbon. He charged upon us while some of my people were still asleep. We had a hard fight. Some of my men crept around and attacked the soldiers from the rear. In this battle we lost nearly all our lodges, but we finally drove General Gibbon back.

Finding that he was not able to capture us, he sent to his camp a few miles away for his big guns (cannons), but my men had captured them and all the ammunition. We damaged the big guns all we could, and carried away the powder and lead. In the fight with General Gibbon we lost fifty women and children and thirty fighting men. We remained long enough to bury our dead. The Nez Percés never make war on women and children; we could have killed a great many women and children while the war lasted, but we would feel ashamed to do so cowardly an act.

We never scalp our enemies, but when General Howard came up and joined General Gibbon, their Indian scouts dug up our dead and scalped them. I have been told that General Howard did not order this great shame to be done.

We retreated as rapidly as we could toward the buffalo country. After six days General Howard came close to us, and we went out and attacked him, and captured nearly all his horses and mules (about two hundred and fifty head). We then marched on to the Yellowstone Basin.

On the way we captured one white man and two white women. We released them at the end of three days. They were treated kindly. The women were not insulted. Can the white soldiers tell me of one time when Indian women were taken prisoners, and held three days and then released without being insulted? Were the Nez Percés women who fell into the hands of General Howard's soldiers treated with as much respect? I deny that a Nez Percé was ever guilty of such a crime.

A few days later we captured two more white men. One of them stole a horse and escaped. We gave the other a poor horse and told him he was free.

Nine days' march brought us to the mouth of Clarke's Fork of the Yellowstone. We did not know what had become of General Howard, but we supposed that he had sent for more horses and mules. He did not come up, but another new war-chief (General Sturgis) attacked us. We held him in check while we moved all our women and children

and stock out of danger, leaving a few men to cover our retreat. Several days passed, and we heard nothing of General Howard, or Gibbon, or Sturgis. We had repulsed each in turn, and began to feel secure, when another army, under General Miles, struck us. This was the fourth army, each of which outnumbered our fighting force, that we had encountered within sixty days.

We had no knowledge of General Miles's army until a short time before he made a charge upon us, cutting our camp in two, and capturing nearly all of our horses. About seventy men, myself among them, were cut off. My little daughter, twelve years of age, was with me. I gave her a rope, and told her to catch a horse and join the others who were cut off from the camp. I have not seen her since, but I have learned that she is alive and well.

I thought of my wife and children, who were now surrounded by soldiers, and I resolved to go to them or die. With a prayer in my mouth to the Great Spirit who rules above, I dashed unarmed through the line of soldiers. It seemed to me that there were guns on every side, before and behind me. My clothes were cut to pieces and my horse was wounded, but I was not hurt. As I reached to door of my lodge, my wife handed me my rifle, saying: "Here's your gun. Fight!"

The soldiers kept up a continuous fire. Six of my men were killed in one spot near me. Ten or twelve soldiers charged into our camp and got possession of two lodges, killing three Nez Percés and losing three of their men, who fell inside our lines. I called my men to drive them back. We fought at close range, not more than twenty steps apart, and drove the soldiers back upon their main line, leaving their dead in our hands. We secured their arms and ammunition. We lost, the first day and night, eighteen men and three women. General Miles lost twenty-six killed and forty wounded. The following day General Miles sent a messenger into my camp under protection of a white flag. I sent my friend Yellow Bull to meet him.

Yellow Bull understood the messenger to say that General Miles wished me to consider the situation; that he did not want to kill my people unnecessarily. Yellow Bull understood this to be a demand for

me to surrender and save blood. Upon reporting this message to me, Yellow Bull said he wondered whether General Miles was in earnest. I sent him back with my answer, that I had not made up my mind, but would think about it and send word soon. A little later he sent some Cheyenne scouts with another message. I went out to meet them. They said that believed that General Miles was sincere and really wanted peace. I walked on to General Miles's tent. He met me and we shook hands. He said, "Come, let us sit down by the fire and talk this matter over." I remained with him all night; next morning Yellow Bull came over to see if I was alive, and why I did not return.

General Miles would not let me leave the tent to see my friend alone.

Yellow Bull said to me: "They have got you in their power, and I am afraid they will never let you go again. I have an officer in our camp, and I will hold him until they let you go free."

I said: "I do not know what they mean to do with me, but if they kill me you must not kill the officer. It will do no good to avenge my death by killing him."

Yellow Bull returned to my camp. I did not make any agreement that day with General Miles. The battle was renewed while I was with him. I was very anxious about my people. I knew that were near Sitting Bull's camp in King George's land, and I thought maybe the Nez Percés who had escaped would return with assistance. No great damage was done to either party during the night.

On the following morning I returned to my camp by agreement, meeting the officer who had been held a prisoner in my camp at the flag of truce. My people were divided about surrendering. We could have escaped from Bear Paw Mountain if we had left our wounded, old women, and children behind. We were unwilling to do this. We had never heard of a wounded Indian recovering while in the hands of white men.

On the evening of the fourth day General Howard came in with a small escort, together with my friend Chapman. We could now talk

understandingly. General Miles said to me in plain words, "If you will come out and give up your arms, I will spare your lives and send you to your reservation." I do not know what passed between General Miles and General Howard.

I could not bear to see my wounded men and women suffer any longer; we had lost enough already. General Miles promised that we might return to our own country with what stock we had left. I thought we could start again. I believed General Miles, or I never would have surrendered. I have heard that he has been censured for making the promise to return us to Lapwai. He could not have made any other terms with me at that time. I would have held him in check until my friends came to my assistance, and then neither of the generals nor their soldiers would have ever left Bear Paw Mountain alive.

On the fifth day I went to General Miles and gave up my gun, and said, "From where the sun now stands I will fight no more." My people need rest—we wanted peace.

I was told we could go with General Miles to Tongue River and stay there until spring, when we would be sent back to our country. Finally it was decided that we were to be taken to Tongue River. We had nothing to say about it. After our arrival at Tongue River, General Miles received orders to take us to Bismarck. The reason given was, that subsistence would be cheaper there.

General Miles was opposed to this order. He said: "You must not blame me. I have endeavored to keep my word, but the chief who is over me has given the order, and I must obey it or resign. That would do you no good. Some other officer would carry out the order."

I believe General Miles would have kept his word if he could have done so. I do not blame him for what we have suffered since the surrender. I do not know who is to blame. We gave up all our horses—over eleven hundred—and all our saddles—over one hundred—and we have not heard from them since. Somebody has got our horses.

General Miles turned my people over to another soldier, and we were taken to Bismarck. Captain Johnson, who now had charge of us, received an order to take us to Fort Leavenworth. At Leavenworth we were placed on a low river bottom, with no water except river-water to drink and cook with. We had always lived in a healthy country, where the mountains were high and the water was cold and clear. Many of my people sickened and died, and we buried them in this strange land. I can not tell how much my heart suffered for my people while at Leavenworth. The Great Spirit Chief who rules above seemed to be looking some other way, and did not see what was being done to my people.

During the hot days (July, 1878) we received notice that we were to be moved farther away from our own country. We were not asked if we were willing to go. We were ordered to get into the rail-road cars. Three of my people died on the way to Baxter Springs. It was worse to die there than to die fighting in the mountains.

We were moved from Baxter Springs (Kansas) to the Indian Territory, and set down without our lodges. We had but little medicine, and we were nearly all sick. Seventy of my people have died since we moved there.

We have had a great many visitors who have talked many ways. Some of the chiefs (General Fish and Colonel Stickney) from Washington came to see us, and selected land for us to live upon. We have not moved to that land, for it is not a good place to live.

The Commissioner Chief (E. A. Hayt) came to see us. I told him, as I told every one, that I expected General Miles's word would be carried out. He said it "could not be done; that white men now lived in my country and all the land was taken up; that, if I returned to Wallowa, I could not live in peace; that law-papers were out against my young men who began the war, and that the Government could not protect my people." This talk fell like a heavy stone upon my heart. I saw that I could not gain anything by talking to him. Other law chiefs (Congressional Committee) came to see me and said they

would help me to get a healthy country. I did not know who to believe. The white people have too many chiefs. They did not understand each other. They do not all talk alike.

The Commissioner Chief (Mr. Hayt) invited me to go with him and hunt for a better home than we have now. I like the land we found (west of the Osage reservation) better than any place I have seen in that country; but it is not a healthy land. There are no mountains and rivers. The water is warm. It is not a good country for stock. I do not believe my people can live there. I am afraid they will all die. The Indians who occupy that country are dying off. I promised Chief Hayt to go there, and do the best I could until the Government got ready to make good General Miles's word. I was not satisfied, but I could not help myself.

Then the Inspector Chief (General McNiel) came to my camp and we had a long talk. He said I ought to have a home in the mountain country north, and that he would write a letter to the Great Chief at Washington. Again the hope of seeing the mountains of Idaho and Oregon grew up in my heart.

At last I was granted permission to come to Washington and bring my friend Yellow Bull and our interpreter with me. I am glad we came. I have shaken hands with a great many friends, but there are some things I want to know which no one seems able to explain. I can not understand how the Government sends a man out to fight us, as it did General Miles, and then breaks his word. Such a Government has something wrong about it. I can not understand why so many chiefs are allowed to talk so many different ways, and promise so many different things. I have seen the Great Father Chief (the President), the next Great (Secretary of the Interior), the Commissioner Chief (Hayt), the Law Chief (General Butler), and many other law chiefs (Congressmen), and they all say they are my friends, and that I shall have justice, but while their mouths all talk right I do not understand why nothing is done for my people. I have heard talk and talk, but nothing is done. Good words do not last long unless they amount to something. Words do not pay for my dead people. They

do not pay for my country, now overrrun by white men. They do not protect my father's grave. They do not pay for all my horses and cattle. Good words will not give me back my children. Good words will not make good the promise of your War Chief General Miles. Good words will not give my people good health and stop them from dying. Good words will not get my people a home where they can live in peace and take care of themselves. I am tired of talk that comes to nothing. It makes my heart sick when I remember all the good words and all the broken promises. There has been too much talking by men who had no right to talk. Too many misrepresentations have been made, too many misunderstandings have come up between the white men about the Indians. If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian he can live in peace. There need be no trouble. Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The earth is the mother of all people, and all people should have equal rights upon it. You might as well expect the rivers to run backward as that any man who was born a free man should be contented when penned up and denied liberty to go where he pleases. If you tie a horse to a stake, do you expect he will grow fat? If you pen an Indian up on a small spot of earth, and compel him to stay there, he will not be contented, nor will he grow and prosper. I have asked some of the great white chiefs where they get their authority to say to the Indian that he shall stay in one place, while he sees white men going where they please. They can not tell me.

I only ask of the Government to be treated as all other men are treated. If I can not go to my own home, let me have a home in some country where my people will not die so fast. I would like to go to Bitter Root Valley. There my people would be healthy; where they are now they are dying. Three have died since I left my camp to come to Washington.
When I think of our condition my heart is heavy. I see men of my race treated as outlaws and driven from country to country, or shot down like animals.

I know that my race must change. We can not hold our own with the

white men as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also.

Let me be a free man—free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself—and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty.

Whenever the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other, then we will have no more wars. We shall all be alike—brothers of one father and one mother, with one sky above us and one country around us, and one government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land, and send rain to wash out the bloody spots made by brothers' hands from the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race are waiting and praying. I hope that no more groans of wounded men and women will ever go to the ear of the Great Spirit Chief above, and that all people may be one people.

In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat has spoken for his people.

Young Joseph.

Washington, D.C.

"An Indian's Views of Indian Affairs." North American Review. 1879.

REPORT OF THE INDIAN AGENT AT THE CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHO AGENCY
(Primary Source)

July 22, 1885. Cheyenne and Arapaho Agency, Ind. Ter.,

Sir: I have the honor to make this my sixth annual report as Indian agent, over four years of which were spent at the Quapaw Agency:

Since my last annual report events of national importance have transpired here. I will briefly give you facts, as you request in yours of the 1st, taking care to note the progress made and suggest the best plans to follow in the future. To fully appreciate the situation, my last report should be considered with this. It is proper for me to make the preliminary statement that I do not expect to enter into detail as to all the minor matters relating to crimes, & c., that have been so fully reported from month to month during the past year. With this conception as to what you desire, I assume the task, and shall give a faithful account of the situation. Public business can be best transacted by those who are acquainted with it, and it is an easy matter for the Department to get any and all facts relating to Indians through their agents and inspectors.

The life and business of an agent here will not be, for several years to come, a quiet and sedate ones but rather calculated to excite the temper, and not eminently promotive of longevity. My past year's work has been in part very interesting and enjoyable, with a bit of war talk thrown in for excitement; but beyond all and deep down in my heart I feel that much good has been accomplished. Evidently the plan of making farmers of these people is the only one to pursue as a regular road to civilization.

The threatened trouble has been averted by the presence of so many troops, but no one can tell when it will rise up again. If troops had been sent, as requested over a year ago, or a sufficient number had been kept here, all this trouble would never have been heard of. They would have acted as a constant threat of punishment, the only consideration a "wild Indian" has any respect for. Horse and cattle thieves could have been arrested and punished; raids in Kansas and Texas would not have been heard of. I have found that there is no use of making extensive calculations or laying plans for handsome success; but it will be worth

while for the Department to remember, however, the suggestions I have made, for over a year past, and bear in mind that the plans I have proposed must sooner or later be carried out, if success attends the efforts of any agent.

The agency is situated on the north bank of the North Canadian River, in one of the most magnificent sweeps of river bottom land to be found in a season's travel. It extends along the river a distance of many miles, and reaches back to the hills in a width varying from one-half to 2 miles; it presents an almost unbroken level of rich alluvial soil, every rod of which is capable of drainage and cultivation. The soil in some places near the river is very sandy, but is as whole quick and warm.

A year ago this was the favorite camping ground of a majority of these Indians, and was well dotted with "teepees" as far as one could see. Skulls, bones, horns, and hoofs covered hundreds of acres. But to-day the whole scene is changed; the "teepees" have given way to the march of civilization, the bones, & c., have been carted off, and small but well-kept farms are seen on every hand. They are not covered with <u>weeds</u>, but abound in beautiful crops of corn, oats, millet, and garden vegetables. These farms are not on paper, but here to show for themselves. Generals Sheridan and Miles of the Army, and General Armstrong of the Interior Department, and hundred of others, will bear me out when I assert that the work done the past year, and the results accomplished under the most trying circumstances, has been most remarkable.

These two tribes, including the children away at schools in the States, numbered, according to the old enrollment, 6,271, but now that we have been able to secure a correct census, number 3,500. From the day I came here, up to the present time, I have struggled to secure <u>control</u> of these people. Had my suggestions been carried out, the government would not have been in doubt up to this time as to how many Indians we had, and, as I have repeatedly said, had my plans been acted upon, thousands of dollars would have been saved. We were issuing to 6,095 people before the enrollment; they were given full ration of beef, but not of flour, and no other rations were issued. The extra amount of beef was sufficient for their actual wants; but under the new enrollment they must have the greater part of the established ration or many will suffer. While the saving is considerable, it is not so great as many would suppose who have not the actual data to draw conclusions from, and I will here state that this year's contract for beef is

only 4,785,000 pounds, a reduction of 1,215,000 pounds from previous year's estimate. Under the new enrollment the Indians number 3,500, and are entitled to 3 pounds per diem gross beef, or, for the year, 3,832,500 pounds, making a saving of 952,500 pounds, which, at $3.17 per 100 pounds, contract price, is $30,194.20 Beef under the contract is taken for three months, issued during the winter in advance, and the shrinkage for these months is very great, the net loss falling on the Indians. Only 600,000 pounds of flour is contracted for, but under the new enrollment the Indians are entitled to 638,750 pounds, and the Department will have the deficit at $3.97 per 100 pounds, or $1,538.37. Bacon, beans, coffee, salt, and sugar have already been purchase; these last-named articles the Indians have not heretofore had issued to them, but after giving them all that has been purchased they will be under the enrollment of 3,500 persons, entitled, according to the established ration, to 7,320 pounds beans, 31,000 pounds coffee, 10,500 pounds salt, 49,000 pounds sugar, and 6,387 pounds baking-powder, more than has been purchased, which will cost, say nothing about transportation, at least $6,250. Add to this the $1,538.37, cost of flour, and we have $7,788.37, to be deducted from $30,194.25, leaving a total net saving for one year of $22,405.88. The bacon purchased will all be required to make shrinkage on winter beef good.

This reservation was set apart by the President in 1869. It is bounded on the north by the Cherokee strip, east by 98th parallel of west longitude, south by the Washita River and the Wichita Reservation, and west by the Pan Handle of Texas; it embraces 4,297,771 acres. A small portion is stony, but the greater portion is find grazing land, a typical cattle-range, and the bottoms embrace as find land as the sun shines on; it is all fairly well watered, but there is little timber. Occasionally the prairies are broken by a wooded water-course, and on different parts of the reservation there are countless secluded cañons, cut deep down into the red soil, and crowded with stunted pines, cedars, and cottonwood. Buttes or hills stand out like pillars on the beautiful prairies, from the tops of which is commanded a splendid view of the surrounding country. The principal streams are the Canadian, its north branch, and the Washita and Cimarron, with numerous tributaries which flow across these beautiful prairies, and go speeding on to the Arkansas River to mingle with the restless absorption of the sea. The climate for the greater part of the year is delightful, and the nights in summer are perfect.

These are nearly all "Blanket Indians." they have no written language, no code of written laws, no systematic government, and the "court of Indian offenses"

has not yet been established—only such rules are made by the Department or agent are in force. They should be made amenable to the law, so that they could be speedily settled and encouraged to make improvements of a permanent nature. They have no use for 4,297,771 acres of valuable land. In their more savage condition they roamed over it for game, but now there is no game, and the sooner they are given to understand that they must cease their savage ways and settle down to work, the better for them and the Government.

Some desire to do so now, and the number will increase as they are placed under control, and see that it is for their own good. Those who have fenced farms, with corn, oats, millet & c., to sell, are a standing encouragement to the others. In the near future, if they are controlled, they will all want some of the rich bottom land, fearing it will be taken up.

In my judgement it only requires wise measures honestly administered and faithfully adhered to to make these people wholly self-supporting in the next ten years. I speak from a long personal experience with Indians, who only 13 years ago were considered the worst in the United States—The Modocs—who to-day are fairly civilized and can support themselves by agriculture without one dollar of Government assistance except that of an experienced farmer as instructor. But they were first wholly subdued! When that is done here, the progress of these people under proper management will be marvelous. "The same means will produce the same results." Will it be done? An agent must have no difficulty in his way in securing the unqualified indorsement and support of the Government. The Indians must be taught to work, and, if need be, compelled to do so. They must be made farmers, and stock-raising will follow. They must support themselves, and the Government must be relieved of the contract. It is not in the nature of things that this vast quantity of land should lie vacant for any great number of years. They have leased 3,832,120 acres to cattlemen, but still have left 130 acres per capita, or an average of a section (640 acres) of land to each family, comprising thousands of acres of as fine farming land as is to be found anywhere, while all is superior for grazing purposes.

ARAPAHOES.

The Arapahoes seemed to take a new lease of life last winter, and commenced by filling up their school. The cold weather and the anticipation of troops coming helped some. They are generally easily managed, and would like to be separated

from the Cheyennes; but if they are all subjected properly, I cannot see that it will be necessary. they accept instructions in manual labor willingly, and our farmers have don most satisfactory work with many of them the present season. Last year the whole tribe did not raise to exceed 100 acres of crops. This year they will harvest corn and other grain, not weeds, from 500 acres. The fields have been well tended, and the yield will be splendid.

Many of the young men are as headstrong as the worst Cheyennes, and should be deprived at once, absolutely and rigorously, of their fire-arms—compelled to obey the law precisely as the whites do. Such a policy would sound the death-knell to their rascality and insure peace to the Indians and whites alike; any other policy will only encourage them to disobey your wishes. The practice of depredating is general, and from lack of restraint they are emboldened to an alarming extent. On the night of 2d of May two young men took nine head of oxen from the post wood contractor's teams; the oxen were soon missed and trailed to the camp of "Tall Bear," an Arapaho chief living on the South Canadian. They had not twenty-minutes before slaughtered two of them, and were eating the meat; the others were under guard by Indians in a cañon near by. The heads had been buried and hides thrown into the river. Tall Bear is one of our best Indians—I mean best, for he has for years been friendly and engaged in farming—but it is not considered a crime any longer, even if it is found out. The only regret that Tall Bear expressed when I talked to him of it was that they killed work oxen when there were so many cattle just as handy to get at. They have been threatened, & c., but feel that the authorities will do nothing with them, and that if they can kill without being found out, they will not have to pay for the stock slaughtered. Some I believe to be honorable and honest, as they understand it, but such innocent parties should no longer be compelled to suffer for the sins of those who will not do right, unless you wish to breed a race of thieves. We have never been able to make arrests for offenses committed in which so many are interested. I took five stolen horses from this band a few months ago, but the following night they took them from our pasture, and I have never seen them since. Is it not high time to put a stop to such state of affairs? And is it strange that I should have builded high hopes upon future results when these people are under control? I have given years of study and investigation to this important subject, yet I fear that it will be difficult to secure the co-operation of the Department where there are so many opinions to be considered.

HISTORICAL RESOURCE: DOCUMENT B

These people are badly diseased with syphilis, and physical degeneracy is sure to follow rapidly, as they are ignorant of the rules of diet and proper nursing and care.

They deserve great credit for the course they have taken in our present trouble, and many of them would have been shoulder to shoulder with our troops had the Cheyennes gone on the war path. They should be assisted and dealt with as the Modocs have been, and the result will satisfactory. Farmers must instruct them, and carpenters put up houses, sheds, and barns for them when they haul in logs and wish to build. In a few years every family can be in comfortable houses. Black Coyote hauled logs and our apprentices built him a house. Several others have frames for houses up, while "Powder Face" and "Left Hand"—chiefs—have all the material on the ground for two $500 houses.

CHEYENNES.

The full blood Cheyennes have cultivated 584 acres of crops this year, and there has been by "half-breeds," 350 acres. Those who have given proper attention to their work will be bountifully rewarded. Caste distinction, in the form of tribal exclusiveness, is strong with nearly all Indians. Each is proud of his own tribe. But the Cheyennes are more so than the Arapahoes, whom they despise, and it is a rare thing for a Cheyenne buck to marry and Arapaho. Still Cheyenne women marry Arapahoes. The Cheyennes hold the Arapahoes on a low plane of respectability, caused, no doubt, from the fact that the Arapahoes have refused to join them in some of their wars against the whites; yet the fact remains that the Arapahoes lead in industry and are not behind in native intelligence and capacity to receive instruction, and have actually accomplished twice as much as the Cheyennes the past year.

The fundamental defect of Indian character is aversion to manual labor, but when deprived of the opportunity to roam and pick up a living by depredating, he can be forced to work rather than go hungry, and there never will be any substantial progress made with the Cheyennes as a tribe until the Government compels them to earn at least a part of their own living. Moral suasion never civilized an Indian tribe and never will. The more advanced Indians do not dare to favor, only in a limited degree, civilization, as the wilder element are liable at any time to kill their stock, destroy their "teepees," and mercilessly slaughter

them. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that more intelligent Indians do not join the ranks of the few who, under the shadow and weak protection of the agency, are struggling manfully for an independent livelihood. This will only change when the plans I have suggested are carried out.

CONTROL.

The outlaw bands of "Stone Calf," "Little Robe," "Spotted Horse," and their sympathizers cherish a bitter hatred for the whites. They steal horses and cattle constantly, and are dissatisfied because they cannot seek shelter and protection under the agency. They are sullen and angry, and implacable in their resentment of what they term getting on the white man's road. A worse class of savages probably never existed than these have been and are up to the present time. Their only real grievance is that they do not want to be civilized. They have never been controlled. Some may deny this, and point to some of their attempts to escape from the reservation when they have been overhauled and forced back, but this only applies to small bands. When they are united in any demand upon the Government it has been granted; this has been done often and in a most high-handed manner. The few troops which could be brought to bear upon them in the past on such occasions only served to increase and inflame their passions, and in no instance, so far as known, has the military arm of the Government been able to sustain and enforce the agent's authority fully. They have little respect for the Government, as a matter of course, as they are not punished for crimes or outbreaks. The functions of the Government, from their standpoint, will be to feed and clothe them forever. They complain freely, and force the remedy for their complaints at the mouths of their "Winchester rifles;" and they have plenty of them.

When they can go into a missionary's house (Rev. Haury's), threaten to take his life and then have the young bucks ravish his wife; cut the military-telegraph wire at will; go on raiding expeditions and stay out for weeks, and returning bring the stolen horses into the agency; cut down and burn the posts from the fences built by the Government for the protection of their own cattle; burn off the range in the Government pasture, so as to compel the stock to scatter—when they can refuse to be enrolled, or allow others to do so under penalty of death; refuse to receive their annuity goods, and go out and cut down the fences of friendly Indians and destroy their property at will; order the agent to stop building fences

and to send the wire back, as they could not eat it and were not ready to be civilized; close the traders' stores; refuse to haul their own supplies and compel the government to have whites do it for them; threaten the life of their agent and all whites, and to burn the agency—when they can do all this and more too, it makes one think that they can at will repeat the burning of others as they did poor Hennesy in 1875, to his wagon; murder other families as they did the Germans in Kansas in 1874, and carry away three captive girls, only to rape and ravish them. Are all attempts to punish men for such crimes to abandoned? Are the threatened, bullied, and overridden people who chance to be in this country to forgive and forget such insults and condone all the offenses, without so much as reproving the Indians? If so, the Indians contempt for United States officials is surely not a surprising thing. Men that have done these things walk into my office daily. Such a thing as punishing them in any way, if ever contemplated, has never been attempted. How long are these wild savages to be permitted to roam constantly over these broad prairies, and allowed to go unpunished for crimes committed?

Now that so many troops have come and more are expected, the Indians have changed their tactics. Their arms are put away in the sand hills, and they are all good and want to at once go to plowing for corn. Can such a course deceive any one when practiced by the most barbarous savages and desperate fighters in the country?

There is but a handful of this class compared to those who are anxious to do right, and if they were under control, does any one who knows anything about Indians doubt that they could be forced out of their barbarisms, out of their feathers and blankets, and into farms and into houses? I know they can be, and that, too, speedily. No need of waiting a generation to do what can be done inside of ten years.

There is but one way out of this whole difficulty. The people of the West, who have in the past been so fearfully outraged by these savages in loss of life and property, will never be contented under a policy that leaves this dreaded foe armed and supplied with ammunition, so that they can at will, for some imaginary grievance, deal death and destruction to citizens of our own country; and they will never be contented or feel safe so long as these Indians are not disarmed. For years past, except at intervals, their career has been marked by bloodshed, rape, and torture. With this record how can any one come to any other

conclusion? Agent McGillycuddy, at Pine Ridge, Dakota, has a sample of these Indians there (the Northern Cheyennes), and in his last year's report pointedly but briefly states their condition, which is a fac simile of these here.

FARMING.

In the early spring some of our best Indians showed a disposition to farm, and I gave them every encouragement. Those who had heretofore opposed all kinds of work and improvement withdrew their opposition, as they were told by "squawmen" and returned pupils, who read the papers, that they were to be disarmed and the leaders of the outlaw gangs arrested. This had the desired effect and accomplished some good for the time, but no troops came and they soon commenced to act worse than ever. The great mistake was in not sending the troops, and in allowing such important matters to reach the public press, as it placed me in a most dangerous position in giving you such facts as I was in duty bound to give. I hired 600 acres broken, and the Indians fenced and planted it; they also fenced and planted 600 acres more, all of which is in addition to the 475 acres reported last year, which is under cultivation this year. The land was broken in patches from 3 to 40 acres, and much more is inclosed in each field by a substantial three-wire fence, so that the acreage can be increased from year to year if nothing prevents the present flattering start they have made.

Crops of corn, oats, wheat, millet, and their small gardens look well, and they will harvest 10,000 bushels of corn, to say nothing of other crops. Our wheat is now in the stack , and if a thrashing machine is furnished there will be at least 1,000 bushels. Much was lost for want of machinery to cut it, but the fact remains that this country will produce well all kinds of corps. The success of the 100 who have worked so faithfully this year will, it is to be hoped, stimulate others and make them renew their exertions to follow civilized pursuits. Many questioned the results when I proposed this inroad on their do-nothing lives, but now all who have seen the result say that it is perfectly marvelous. Forty miles of fence has been built during the year; 900 grafted fruit trees set out and doing well.

SCHOOLS.

Our schools have been well managed and everything possible to insure the attainment of the end proposed and most desired has been done. Still, there is too large a margin left for failure, and too many chances against success.

The parents of the children do not appreciate the benefits to be derived from an education, and only send their children to be rid of them, or through fear of displeasing the Great Father. Many bands of Cheyennes have not furnished a child for school the past year, "Stone Calf," as usual, taking the lead in disobedience to your wishes. Compulsion must be used in all such cases. We cannot afford to raise any more wild Indians, and the educated Indians from such agencies as this must be placed under different conditions after their education has been carried to an advantageous point. They must be protected from the ridicule of the other Indians, and assisted by the Government until they can care for themselves, or until more of them can be educated, in order that their influence for good can have a better chance to work. They must be educated in manual-labor schools at home; any other course of education given to these "blanket Indians" will become a curse to them, as has been fully proven by the experience of the past year. Brains will tell, and generations will come and go before the Indians will be able to, in any degree, compete with the whites, however high the ideas of the Indians may be placed. The final test of success is his practical knowledge of how to make a living. It is, therefore, a matter of vast interest to the Government and the Indians as to what extent book study shall be enforced. The folly of making book-learning superior to industrial knowledge is reflected here as clearly as if it were in a mirror. The parents visit the schools too often, and the children are allowed to go home more frequently than they should; but with better control all this can easily be changed.

The school attendance has doubled since I came here, and I have been successful in sending over 100 children to Lawrence, Kans., and 45 to Chilocco. I can therefore report the average attendance here and elsewhere as follows:

Cheyenne Industrial Boarding School	*56*
Arapaho Industrial Boarding School	*73*
Mennonite Manual Labor and Boarding School (agency)	*36*
Mennonite Manual Labor and Boarding School (at Cantonment)	*41*
Total	*206*

The Cheyenne school has furnished over 100 children for schools in the States. Industrial work has had special attention. The employés and children have raised 20 acres wheat, 20 acres oats, millet, corn, and sorghum, and 5 acres

garden, and 23 cows have been milked and over 300 acres fenced in as pasture for their stock. Forty acres have been cultivated at the Arapaho school and the crops are most excellent. The Mennonites have large fields and well-tilled crops.

CARLISLE PUPILS.

If these Indians were farmers and had fixed places of residence, the return of these children from schools in the States would leaven the whole tribe, as their influence for good would spread; but thus far the experiment of returning here has been a failure. They go from Indian homes and return to Indian homes. The Indian nature is too strong to resist successfully these surroundings. It is much easier to go down than up, and to expect good results under the present condition of affairs here implies an impossibility.

"SQUAW-MEN."

Squaw-men are not all bad, but as a rule they abandon every respect for decency and are leaders of the most disturbing element and often the means of crating uneasiness among the Indians. From the bill of fare usually presented by Indians, if from no other cause, one would not imagine that white men could be induced to indulge, but they have no higher ambition than to enjoy the rights of an Indian.

POLICE.

The police are usually prompt in carrying out all orders in cases where white persons are to be arrested, but of no use in enforcing order among their own people. Could you expect more when the military has failed so often? If sufficient troops were used to disarm these Indians and arrest the leaders of the "outlaw" gang, the cause of all our trouble would at once be removed, and there would be no need of a standing army on the borders of Kansas, and the garrison here could be reduced, as forty policemen would then handle the worst cases and keep them under subjection.

RATION DAY.

On Mondays we issue rations. At the beef corral a large concourse of Indians assembles for beef, and at the commissary, for flour. When the cattle are issued

they have an exciting time; the frightened and desperate animals rush madly around pursued by from on to a dozen savages, yelling, whooping, and firing their guns, reminding one of the early days when buffalo-hunting was their chief sport. When the beef is killed the voracious bucks and their families eat the raw entrails with great satisfaction. The squaws take charge of the carcass, dry the meat, and the "buck" takes the hide to the traders. Such an assembly would furnish a study for an artist—Indians, ponies, and dogs of all ages, sizes and appearances. Nearly all wear blankets, but many have on some single garment of civilization.

INDIAN MEDICINE-MAKING AND DANCES.

These Indians are a religious people in their way, and do not seem to doubt the immortality of man. I have never opposed their "medicine-making," only so far as to try to protect those who do not longer believe in it from being compelled to attend, and this I think should be done by all means. The "dog soldiers" round up all these people and make them attend, or risk their property and lives in the attempt to resist their mandates. They live in "teepees" that one white man would feel cramped in, but dozens of Indians crowd in and enjoy the social dance, keeping time to the monotonous tom-tom by chanting and howling.

A strange sight is their "medicine dance"—fascinating, weird scene, their bodies naked from the waist up. A number of braves enter the "medicine lodge." They gash their arms and legs, and pierce holes in their chests, pass ropes through the holes and suspend themselves from the center of the lodge until their struggling tears the flesh loose. Each one has a whistle, and keeping their eyes on the charm, they dance night and day without food or water until exhausted. These "medicines" are a record of terrible suffering, endured with indomitable heroism, which sometimes ends in death. Such evidence of devotion in the performance of duty is worthy of a better religion.

DOG SOLDIERS.

The "dog soldiers" are a sort of military organization, or fighting band, which they keep up, composed of the most daring, bloodthirsty young men of the tribe. For years past they have been very troublesome. They commit crimes constantly and demand heavy tributes for the privilege of driving through their country. Many of the Indians who commit such crimes are know to me, but I have thus far

been powerless to arrest or punish them. Some of the more intelligent Indians deprecate such a state of affairs, but the restless, savage, and dishonest portion of them see only the present gain, and cannot or do not care if the money for their deviltry is paid by the Government, as in the Oburn case. To say that such a state of affairs it demoralizing in the extreme is putting the case mildly, and the Department should have checked their course soon after I made my first reports, calling for five hundred troops.

LAW.

Congress passed a law last winter making any offense committed by an Indian a crime, if the same would have been a crime under the United States law, when committed by a white man. This is all right, but up to the present time there has never been any power here sufficiently strong to enforce it. It is now greatly to be hoped, not only for the future good of the Indian, but for the protection of the property of others, that the law will be enforced.

These Indians now have hundreds of stolen horses in their possession, and they are daily committing depredations on cattle herds. Only last week I recovered from Lump Foot nine head of horses he stole from a beef pasture on the Cherokee strip, after cutting the fence; at the same time his party killed two fine beeves, and only took the tongues for food, leaving the carcasses to rot. In a few days after this I recovered from Magpie, who had just returned from a raid in Texas, two horses belonging to the Y Ranch; he was reported as having one hundred and seventeen head on his return, but our police were not able to find them. The day following I received two fine mules from White Bear. These men all belong to Stone Calf's band, or train with his party. They are all at large, as is Flying Hawk, the Cheyenne who threatened the life of Rev. Haury and to ravish his wife. Thomas Carlisle Bear Robe, who cut the telegraph wire, still enjoys his freedom. I am aware that there is a difference of opinion as to what is best to do in such cases, owing to the difference in the moral and intellectual condition of men, but I believe these men know right from wrong, and that an example should be made of some of them.

Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to the Secretary of the Interior for the year 1885, Washington: GPO, 1885. pp. 73-79.

HISTORICAL RESOURCE: DOCUMENT C

EXCERPTS FROM
LIFE AMONG THE PIUTES: THEIR WRONGS AND CLAIMS
By Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins
(Primary Source)

Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins was a self-educated Northern Paiute Indian. She was born about 1844 in the vicinity of Humboldt Lake in present day Nevada. Her given name was Thocmetony, or Shell Flower. She was the granddaughter and daughter of Paiute chiefs. She spent her childhood in a time of great disruption of her people. She received the Christian name Sarah by one of the white families for whom she worked before being adopted by the household of Major William M. Ormsby in 1857.

Gae Whitney Canfield, *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1983)

WARS AND THEIR CAUSES

I will now stop writing about myself and family and tribe customs, and tell about the wars, and the causes of the wars. I will jump over about six years. My sister and I were living at this time in Genoa with Major Ormsbey's family, who took us as playmates for their little girl. While with them we learned the English language very fast, for they were very kind to us. This was in the year 1858, I think; I am not sure. In that year our white brothers had their houses all along Carson River. There were twenty-one houses there in our country. I know all the names of the people that lived in them. One man who was on the upper part of Carson River was Mr. Olds; the next man by the name of Palmer had a family. The third one, by the name of Job, also had a family. Another family was named Walters; another man, whose name was Dr. Daggett, had no family; nor had the next one, whose name was Van Sickle. The next one had more than one family; he had two wives, and his name was Thornton. The man who lived in the next house had still

more wives. There were two brothers; one had three wives, and the other five. Their name was Reuse. The next man was named Nott, and had no family. The next house had three brothers, named Sides, with no families. The next was named Gilbert, and had no family. The next was named Alridge, and had a family. Then came our friend, Major Ormsbey. Next came Adams and brothers, who had no wives. Then Jones and family, Miller and family; Brown, with no family; Elsey, with no family; Mr. Ellis and family; Williams brothers, no family; Mr. Cole and family; Mr. Black and family at Humboldt Lake. All these white people were loved by my people; we lived there together, and were as happy as could be. There was no stealing, no one lost their cattle or horses; my people had not learned to steal. We lived that way in peace for another year; our white brothers gave my people guns for their horses in the way of trading; yet my people never said, "We want you to give us something for our land." Now, there were a great many of our white brothers everywhere through our country, and mines or farms here and there. The Mormons came in a great many wagons and settled down in Carson Valley, where now stands the great Carson City, as it is called. The following year, 1859, we were yet living with Major Ormsbey, and mother and father were down at Pyramid Lake with all our people, so sister and I were all alone there with our dear good friend, Major Ormsbey.

Late that fall there happened a very sad thing, indeed. A white man who was dearly beloved by my people started for California to get provisions for the winter, as they all did every winter. Mr. McMullen took a great deal of money to lay in large supplies, for they had a store about thirty miles down Carson River. Two of them, MacWilliams and McMullen, went off the same night, and camped in the mountains. Some one came in the night and killed them both, and after they had shot them with guns or pistols, they placed arrows in the

wounds to make it appear as if Indians had killed them. The next day news came in that Indians had killed John McMullen. They were asked how they knew that Indians had killed him, and they answered,—

"We know, because it was done with arrows."

That same afternoon thirty men went to get the dead bodies of the two men. They brought them in, and the arrows too. Of course everybody said it was the Indians that killed them. My brother, Natchez, and our cousin, who was called young Winnemucca, and one hundred others were sent for. In two days' time they came. My brother was then peace-chief. Major Ormsbey asked if he knew what tribe of Indians those arrows belonged to. My cousin told his white brothers the arrows belonged to the Washoes. So our good father Major Ormsbey said to my brother,—

"Will you help us to get the Washoe chief to come in and give up the men who killed the two white men?" My brothers said they would help to find the men that killed poor John McMullen. So that evening my people had what they call a war-dance, the first one I had ever seen. A great many white men and women came to see them, and Lizzie Ormsby kept saying, "Where is Natchez?" He was dressed up so we did not know him. The white people staid until it was all over, and when it was all over the Major called his men and said,—

"We will sing the Star-spangled Banner."

It was not a bit like the way my grandfather used to sing it, and that was the first time I had heard it sung by the white people.

My cousin was the war-chief. He sent five men to bring in the Washoe chief. The next morning they came in with about ten Washoes. As soon as they came in the white men gathered round them. Major Ormsbey showed the arrows, and asked them if they knew them. The Washoe chief, who is called Jam, said, "You ask me if these are my people's arrows. I say yes." Major Ormsbey

said,—

"That is enough." He said to my brother Natchez,—

"Tell Captain Jam that his people have killed two men, and he must bring the men and all the money, and they shall not be hurt, and all will be right," The Washoe chief said,—

"I know my people have not killed the men, because none of my men have been away; we are all at Pinenut Valley, and I do not know what to think of the sad thing that has happened."

"But here are your arrows, and you cannot say anything," said my cousin, the war-chief. "We will give you ten days to bring the men who killed our two white brothers; and if you do not we shall have to fight you, for they have been so kind to us all. Who could have the heart to kill them? Now go and bring in the men."

Poor, poor Washoes, they went away with very sad hearts. After they left brother talked with all his men, and asked them what they thought about it. They all said it was very strange, indeed; time would tell whether they killed them or not. Six days after, the Washoe chief came in with three prisoners. One of their prisoners had a wife, the other two had none, but their mothers came with them. The white men gathered round them and put handcuffs on them to lock them up in a small house for the night. Next morning all the white people came to see them. Some said, "Hang the red devils right off," and the white boys threw stones at them, and used most shameful language to them. At about three o'clock in the afternoon came thirty-one white men, all with guns on their shoulders, and as they marched along my brother and cousin ran to meet them. One Washoe woman began to scream, "Oh, they have come to kill them!" How they did cry! One could hear the poor things miles away. My brother went to them and told them not to cry.

"Oh, dear chieftain, they did not kill the white men,—indeed they did not. They have not been away

from our camp for over a month. None of our men were away, and our chief has given these three young men because they have no fathers." One of the young girls said,—

"You who are the mighty chieftan, save my poor brother, for he is all mother and I have to hunt for us. Oh, believe us. He is as innocent as you are. Oh, tell your white brothers that what we tell you is true as the sun rises and sets;" and one woman ran to my cousin, the war-chief, and threw herself down at his feet and cried out, "Oh, you are going to have my poor husband killed. We were married this winter, and I have been with him constantly since we were married. Oh, Good Spirit, come! Oh, come into the hearts of this people. Oh, whisper in their hearts that they may not kill my poor husband! Oh, good chief, talk for him. Our cruel chief has given my husband to you because he is afraid that all of us will be killed by you," and she raised up her head and said to the Washoe chief, "You have given my innocent blood to save your people." Then my brother said to the Washoes, "These white men have come to take the three Washoe men who killed John McMullen and MacWilliams to California to put them in jail."

Just then one of the women cried out, "Look there, they have taken them out. See, they are taking them away." We were all looking after them, and before brother got near them the three prisoners broke and ran. Of course they were shot. Two were wounded, and the third ran back with his hands up. But all of them died.

Oh, such a scene I never thought I should see! At daybreak all the Washoes ran to where they were killed. The wife of the young man threw herself down on his dead body. Such weeping was enough to make the very mountains weep to see them. They would take the dead bodies in their arms, and they were all bloody themselves. I ran to Mrs. Ormsbey crying. I thought my poor heart would break. I said to her, "I believe those Washoe

women. They say their men are all innocent. They say they were not away from their camp for a long time, and how could they have been the men that killed the white men?" I believed them. Mrs. Ormsbey said,—

"How came the Washoe arrows there? and the chief himself has brought them to us, and my husband knows what he is doing."

I ran back to see what they were going to do with the dead bodies, as I had heard my people say that the Washoes were like the Digger Indians, who burn their dead. When I got there the Washoe chief was talking to my brother. I did not know what he said before I came, but I know from what I heard that he had been making confession. He said, pointing down to the men that were innocently killed,—

"It is true what the women say,—it is I who have killed them. Their blood is on my hands. I know their spirits will haunt me, and give me bad luck while I live."

This was what the Washoe chief said to my brother. The one that was wounded also died, and the sister and the mother it was dreadful to see. The mother cried out,—

"Oh, may the Good Spirit send the same curse upon you! You may all live to see the day when you will suffer at the hands of your white brothers, as you call them." She said to her girl,—

"My child, you have no brother now,—no one to love you, no one to come with game and say, 'Here, sister, here is game for you.' You are left all alone. Oh, my sweet son,—gone, gone!"

This was the first trouble the poor Washoes had with white people, and the only one they ever did have with them.

So the day passed away, and the two dead Washoes were taken away, and their bodies were burned. That is their custom. The other was taken to California. My poor little sister made herself sick she cried so much that day.

Two days afterwards Major Ormsbey sent his men home; so he did my cousin, who is called young Winnemucca, and brother staid longer for us, because we had been with Major Ormsbey a long time, and we could talk very well. My poor little sister was so very sick it was two weeks before we could go to our mother. When we got home it was winter. There was so much snow that we staid in the mountains where now stands the great city called Virginia City. It was then our Pine-nuts mountains. Some time during the winter the Washoe chief came and told us that the white men who killed McMullen and MacWilliams were caught. My brother Natchez said,—

"Oh, have they been caught?" "Yes, that is what Major Ormsbey said; so did all the others." The Washoe chief went on and said, "I have come to ask you to pay me for the loss of the two men. The white men have brought back the other men, and they say that they have hung two men." My brother told the Washoe chief that his people had nothing to do with what the white people had done. "It is you who ought to pay the poor mother and sister and wife of your own tribe, because you gave them up yourself, therefore you must not blame us. We only did our duty, and we all know that the white men did nothing to us, and we did no more than what they would do for us." Next day my brother went to see for himself. He gave the Washoe chief a horse to go with him, for the poor Washoes had never owned a horse in their lives. Ten men went with my brother.

Captain Trucker's Death

My grandfather was very sick at the time. My brother was away to days and my grandfather was very low, so they had to send to him to come back. As soon as he came, word was sent everywhere that their mighty chief was dying. In two days' time we could see the

signal-fires of death on every mountain-top. My brother came back and told his people that it was true that their own white brothers had killed the men for their money. The way they were found out was this: They were playing cards for the money, and one of the men lost his. There were five of them. They were almost fighting about the money, and two men who were out hunting heard them, and went near enough to hear all. One of the men went to town to bring some one to arrest them, and the other staid to watch them. The one that lost his money said:—

"If you won't give me back my money I will tell if you.

Are you going to give me back my money or not?"

They all swore at him, and told him if he did not stop talking they would shoot him. Then the sheriffs came and took them and all the money they had. Two of the men told him they got the Washoe arrows and placed them in the wounds, as if the Indians had killed them, This is what brother told his people: he said, "This is what our white brothers told me to say to you."

Our people gathered from far and near, for my poor, poor grandpa was going very fast. His beloved people were watching him. It was the most solemn thing that I ever saw, before or since. Now he sent for a dear beloved white brother of his, named Snyder. My brother went for him. When he came my poor, dear grandfather called him to his bedside and said to him:—

"I am now going to die. I have always loved you as if you were my dear son; and one thing I want you to do for me."

He said to my father: "Raise me up; I want to see my children."

My father raised him up, and while he was looking around him his eyes fell on me and my sisters. He just looked at us, and he said to the white man:—

"You see there are my two little girls and there is my big girl, and there are my two boys. They are my sons'

children, and the two little girls I want you take to California, to Mr. Bonsal and Mr. Scott. They will send them to school to 'the sisters,' at San José. Tell them this is my last request to them. I shall soon die. I shall never see them in person; they have promised to teach my two little girls when they become large enough." He looked up and said, "Will you promise to do this for me?"

The white man took my grandfather's hand and promised to do as he asked. My grandfather then bade him good-by, and said, "I want to talk to my own people." When he was gone he looked at my father and told him what he must do, as he was to be head chief of the Piute nation. He cautioned him to be a good father, as he had always been, and, after talking awhile, he broke down. we all cried. He remained in that way all night and every one watched him. Next morning about ten o'clock, a great many of our people came. The doctor was called to lay hands on him, and try to bring him to; but all efforts were in vain, so nothing could be done but watch him, which was done all day. Night came on, and still the watch was kept up. At midnight, which was told by the seven stars reaching the same place the sun reaches at midday, he turned and twisted without opening his eyes. The doctor said, "He is dying—he will open his eyes in his usual bright and beautiful way, and his first words were:—

"Son, where are you? come and raise me up—let me sit up."

My father raised him up. Then he called mother, saying:—

"Bring all the children." Mother awoke my sister. I was not asleep, small as I was. I lay awake, watching for fear he would die while I was asleep. We gathered around him. He looked around to see if there were any others but his family present. He saw the white man, the same one that had promised to take care of his little girls. He pointed to his feet when we gathered round him and

motioned for him to cover them and he did so. Then he said:—

"I've only a minute to spare. I'm so tired; I shall soon be happy. Now, son, I hope you will live to see as much as I have, and to know as much as I do. And if you live as I have you will some day come to me. Do your duty as I have done to your people and to your white brothers." He paused, closed his eyes, and stretched out. My poor mother, thinking he was dead, threw herself upon his bosom, but was aroused by the doctor's saying, "Hold on,—the spirit has not left the body." My mother rose up, and of course, all of us were crying, "Poor grandpa! Poor grandpa!" Then he recovered himself again, and opening his eyes said:

"Don't throw away my white rag-friend; place it on my breast when you bury me." He then looked at his wife as if he wanted to say something, but his voice failed. Then the doctor said, "He has spoken his last words, he has given his last look, his spirit is gone; watch his lips,—he will speak as he enters the Spirit-land"; and so he did, at least he seemed to. His lips moved as if he was whispering. We were then told by the doctor that he was in heaven, and we all knew he was. No one who knew him would doubt it. But how can I describe the scene that followed? Some of you, dear reader, can imagine. Every one threw themselves upon his body, and their cries could be heard for many a mile. I crept up to him. I could hardly believe he would never speak to me again. I knelt beside him, and took his dear old face in my hands, and looked at him quite a while. I could not speak. I felt the world growing cold; everything seemed dark. The great light had gone out. I had father, mother, brothers, and sisters; it seemed I would rather lose all of them than my poor grandpa. I was only a simple child, yet I knew what a great man he was. I mean great in principle. I knew how necessary it was for our good that he should live. I think if he had put out his hands and asked me to go with him,

I would gladly have folded myself in his arms. And now, after long years of toil and trouble, I think if our great Father had seen fit to call me with him, I could have died with a better opinion of the world.

In regard to the doctor's saying, "He will speak as he enters the spirit-land," I wish to say it is the belief of my people that the spirit speaks as it goes in. They say if a child has a mother or a father in the Spirit-land, he will cry as his soul enters.

Such a scene I never had seen before. Everybody would take his dead body in their arms and weep. Poor papa kept his body two days. Now came the burial. Every thing he had was put into the grave with him. His body was put into blankets when it was ready to be put into the grave, and after he was buried, six of his horses were killed. Now, my dear readers, I do not want you to think that we do this thing because we think the dead use what we put in; or, if we kill horses at any one's death that they will use them in the Spirit-land. No, no; but it is the last respect we pay our dead.

In the spring of 1860, my sister and I were taken to San José, California. Brother Natchez and five other men went with us. On our arrival we were placed in the "Sisters' School" by Mr. Bonsal and Mr. Scott. We were only there a little while, say three weeks, when complaints were made to the sisters by wealthy parents about Indians being in school with their children. The sisters then wrote to our friends to come and take us away, and so they did,—at least, Mr. Scott did. He kept us a week, and sent word to brother Natchez to come for us, but no one could come, and he sent word for Mr. Scott to put us on the stage and send us back. We arrived at home all right, and shortly after, the war of 1860 began in this way:—

Two little girls about twelve years old went out in the woods to dig roots, and did not come back, and so their parents went in search of them, and not finding

them, all my people who were there came to their help, and very thoroughly searched, and found trails which led up to the house of two traders named Williams, on Carson River, near by the Indian camp. But these men said they had not seen the children, and told my people to come into the house and search it; and this they did, as they thought, thoroughly. after a few days they sorrowfully gave up all search, and their relations had nearly given them up for dead, when one morning an Indian rode up to the cabin of the Williamses. In those days the settlers did not hesitate to sell us guns and ammunition whenever we could buy, so these brothers proposed to buy the Indian's horse as soon as he rode up. They offered him a gun, five cans of powder, five boxes of caps, five bars of lead, and after some talk the trade was made. The men took the horse, put him in the stable and closed the door, then went into the house to give him the gun, etc. They gave him the gun, powder, and caps, but would not give him the lead, and because he would not take a part, he gave back what he had taken from them, and went out to the barn to take his horse. Then they set their dog upon him. When bitten by the dog he began halloing, and to his surprise he heard children's voices answer him, and he knew at once it was the lost children. He made for his camp as fat as he could, and told what had happened, and what he had heard. Brother Natchez and others went straight to the cabin of the Williams brothers. the father demanded the children. They denied having them, and after talking quite awhile denied it again, when all at once the brother of the children knocked one of the Williamses down with his gun, and raised his gun to strike the other, but before he could do so, one of the Williams brothers stooped down and raised a trap-door, on which he had been standing. This was a surprise to my people, who had never seen anything of the kind. The father first peeped down, but could see nothing; then he went down and found his children lying on a little bed

with their mouths tied up with rags. He tore the rags away and brought them up. When my people saw their condition, they at once killed both brothers and set fire to the house. Three days after the news was spread as usual. "The bloodthirsty savages had murdered two innocent, hardworking, industrious, kind-hearted settlers;" and word was sent to California for some army soldiers to demand the murderers of the Williamses. As no army soldiers were there just then, Major Ormsbey collected one hundred and sixty volunteers, and came up, and without asking or listening to any explanation demanded the men. But my people would not give them up, and when the volunteers fired on my people, they flew to arms to defend the father and brother, as any human beings would do in such a case, and ought to do. And so the war began. It lasted about three months, and after a few precious ones of my people, and at least a hundred white men had been killed (amongst them our dear friend, Major Ormsbey, who had been so hasty), a peace was made. My brother had tried to save major Ormsbey's life. He met him in the fight, and as he was ahead of the other Indians, Major Ormsbey threw down his arms, and implored him not to kill him. There was not a moment to be lost. My brother said,—

"Drop down as if dead when I shoot, and I will fire over you;" but in the hurry and agitation he still stood pleading, and was killed by another man's shot.

Some other friends of my brother, Judge Broomfield and servant, and a Spaniard lived in a small cabin about twelve miles off. They were not fighting against us, and my brother defended their lives and risked his own. He stood at their cabin door, and beat back the assailants with a club, and succeeded in driving them off. But my uncle and cousins were so angry with him for saving white men's lives that they whipped him with a horse-whip. We all knew my uncle loved us. He was always kind to us; but I never could love him again as I had done

after he whipped my brother,—my noble, patient brother, who bore his uncle no ill-will, but was satisfied that he had saved the lives of his friends.

Brave deeds don't always get rewarded in this world.

There was another occasion when my brother saved the life of his friend, Mr. Seth Cook, of San Francisco, and of six others; but as I do not remember all the particulars I will not attempt to relate it. Mr. Cook had often given my brother valuable assistance, and he is still living, and can tell the story of his escape from death himself.

The regular troops at last reached the ground, and after fighting a little while raised a flag of truce, which was responded to by my brother, and peace was made, and a treaty giving the Pyramid Lake Reservation to my people. I have no way of telling any of the particulars. The reservation was given to us in 1860, and we were to get large supplies as long as we were peaceful; but though there were thirteen agents there in the course of twenty-three years, I never knew of any issue after that first year.

Among the traditions of our people is one of a small tribe of barbarians who used to live along the Humboldt River. It was many hundred years ago. They used to waylay my people and kill and eat them. They would dig large holes in our trails at night, and if any of our people travelled at night, which they did, for they were afraid of these barbarous people, they would oftentimes fall into these holes. That tribe would even eat their own dead—yes, they would even come and dig up our dead after they were buried, and would carry them off and eat them. Now and then they would come and make war on my people. They would fight, and as fast as they killed one another on either side, the women would carry off those who were killed. My people say they were very brave. When they were fighting they would jump up in the air after the arrows that went over their heads, and

shoot the same arrows back again. My people took some of them into their families, but they could not make them like themselves. So at last they made war on them. This war lasted a long time. Their number was about twenty-six hundred (2600). The war lasted some three years. My people killed them in great numbers, and what few were left went into the thick bush. My people set the bush on fire. This was right above Humboldt Lake. Then they went to work and made tuly or bulrush boats, and went into Humboldt Lake. They could not live there very long without fire. They were nearly starving. My people were watching them all round the lake, and would kill them as fast as they would come on land. At last one night they all landed on the east side of the lake, and went into a cave near the mountains. It was a most horrible place, for my people watched at the mouth of the cave, and would kill them as they came out to get water. My people would ask them if they would be like us, and not eat people like coyotes or beasts. They talked the same language, but they would not give up. At last my people were tired, and they went to work and gathered wood, and began to fill up the mouth of the cave. Then the poor fools began to pull the wood inside till the cave was full. At last my people set it on fire; at the same time they cried out to them, "Will you give up and be like men, and not eat people like beasts? Say quick—we will put out the fire." No answer came from them. My people said they thought the cave must be very deep or far into the mountain. They had never seen the cave nor known it was there until then. They called out to them as loud as they could, "Will you give up? Say so, or you will all die." But no answer came. Then they all left the place. In ten days some went back to see if the fire had gone out. They went back to my third or fifth great-grandfather and told him they must all be dead, there was such a horrible smell. This tribe was people-eaters, and after my people had killed them all, the people round us called us *Say-do-carah*. It means

conqueror; it also means "enemy." I do not know how we came by the name of Piutes. It is not an Indian word. I think it is misinterpreted. Sometimes we are called Pine-nut eaters, for we are the only tribe that lives in the country where Pine-nuts grow. My people say that the tribe we exterminated had reddish hair. I have some of their hair, which has been handed down from father to son. I have a dress which has been in our family a great many years, trimmed with this reddish hair. I am going to wear it some time when I lecture. It is called the mourning dress, and no one has such a dress by my family.

Sarah Winnemucca's autographed picture sent to Natchez. It is inscribed, "Your loving sister Sarah Winnemucca." Photo courtesy of the Nevada Historical Society.

Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, *Life Among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims*, NY: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1883. 61-76

LESSON TWO

THE SENATE DEBATE

A. Objectives

1. To illustrate how an actual debate on Indian policy proceeded.

2. To understand the differing points of view on the important topic of federal Indian policy.

B. Lesson Activities

1. Dividing students into assigned roles, as specified in Lesson One's Homework assignment, hold the Senate debate. Debaters should either read their parts or present the arguments in their own words. Allow time for other senators and members of the press to ask questions.

2. Homework Assignment for Lesson Three:

   Hand out **DOCUMENT E**, James Mooney's "Report on the Ghost Dance" and **DOCUMENT F**, Black Elk's "Description of the Ghost Dance," for reading at home and preparation for class discussion the following day.

C. Evaluating the Lesson

When arguments in the Senate debate are completed, students will write, in a narrative, editorial form, a short essay summarizing the main points of the debaters' arguments and explaining why some are more convincing than others.

HISTORICAL RESOURCE: DOCUMENT D

SENATE DEBATE ON FEEDING VS. FIGHTING THE INDIANS
FEBRUARY 19, 1875
(Primary Source)

THE NEXT AMENDMENT of the Committee on Appropriations was in lines 204 and 205, to increase the appropriation to subsist and properly care for the Apaches of Arizona, from $300,000 to $375,000.

John Sherman (Rep., Ohio): I do not know upon what basis the Committee on Appropriations offer amendments of this character to increase a definite appropriation. It is almost impossible for the Committee on Appropriations or any committee to estimate the amount of money that should be expended in the way money is now expended in the Indian service. Therefore in my judgment the Committee on Appropriations, unless they have a clear, satisfactory showing that an amount greater than is proposed by the House of Representatives ought to be expended for a given purpose of this kind, ought not to propose it, and we ought not to agree to it. I ask the Senator having charge of this bill upon what basis they propose to increase by these very large sums appropriations of a specific character for the Indian service?

William Windom (Rep., Minn.): It is one of the most difficult branches of the public service to know precisely what is the right thing to do. There is no question about that. This appropriation is made for the purpose of carrying out what is denominated the peace policy with the Indians; that is, that is is much cheaper to feed them than fight them. The amount recommended by the House committee for these Indians in Arizona is too small to enable the Government to carry out that policy with them. The recommendations of the Department were $750,000 as the amount necessary to keep the peace with these Indians in Arizona and New Mexico....

...I wish we could adopt some policy which would enable us to get along better with our Indian affairs; but until we can devise some policy better than the old one of fighting them, I say let us stick to the present one of feeding them; and if we do that, let us honestly feed those that we agreed to feed and keep them upon the reservations rather than take the risk of fighting them and killing them at the cost of a million a head....

Mr. Sherman: The Senator has said enough to answer my purpose. He can give no reason for the increase, and I can give no reason why the appropriation should not be increased. In other words, in appropriating money for what is called the peace policy with the Indians, we are doing it as blindly as bats in the brightness of day....

Mr. President, it seems to me that a policy of this kind, which absorbs three-fourths of the whole of our appropriations in the expense of transportation, agencies, and expenditures of that kind which neither reach the backs nor mouths of the Indians, is an ill-defined policy which ought not to be carried out. These Indians ought to live by work, just as other people do, or they ought to be gathered where they could be compelled to earn their own living....

Aaron Sargent (Rep., Cal.): ...Withdraw your appropriations, and you have men upon desert tracts who must starve or break out and go upon the highways, who must rob, who will murder. That is the alternative. That is the complement of the speech of my friend from Nevada.

Now these Indians are made to work. There is not a ration issued to feed an Indian who is able to work, that is to say who is not sick, or an infant; or who is able to work. He is required to make in return an equivalent in his labor, which is used in digging ditches from the accessible rivers or streams on to the reservation to prepare the way by which irrigation can be supplied to those desert lands. I admit that the labor is not always valuable or efficient; but nevertheless it teaches the Indian to labor; nevertheless it redeems him so far from his barbarous habits and makes it easier hereafter to maintain him....

...If you talk about the comparative cost of feeding and fighting them, then I cite the report made by the brother of the eminent Senator from Ohio, wherein in an elaborate report on this very question he said the Government had expended $30,000,000 on the plains to fight the Sioux and the result was that the troops had killed thirty Indians; that is to say, at a cost of $1,000,000 apiece. Although an Army man and well versed in all these matters and illustrious in the military service, he said in most pregnant language, italicizing it in his report, that it was cheaper as well as more humane for the Government to feed the Indians rather than fight them. Acting on that advice, we have appropriated since that time from a million to a million and half

annually for rations, and we have had to keep no military force and there have been no more such ravages as there were in the State of the Senator who has charge of this bill,where men, women, and children were murdered, where women were ravished, and where scenes were enacted as if the devils in hell had broke loose and come down upon Minnesota. Those scenes stopped. This has cost a million and a quarter a year. Adopt the other policy and the cost is $30,000,000 a year, and still your people are not protected. Therefore I insist that it is the part of wisdom and the part of humanity toward our own people to adhere to this policy....

John Hager (Dem., Cal.): Mr. President, it seems to me a question of policy how the Indians should be managed; that is to say, the proposition contained in this bill is the pursuit of a policy inaugurated heretofore which is a departure from what had been hitherto the policy of the country in regard to the Indians. Hitherto we have had wars with the Indians; and in that respect it looks like extermination. The other policy is to put them upon reservations and take care of them at Government expense by feeding them there. If the money is expended through the Army, we understand it; but if appropriations are made here of money to be distributed through agents for the benefit of the Indians, it is a very difficult matter for the Senate or any person to understand where that finally lodges. It is a well-ascertained fact, I believe, that it becomes dissolved or melts away before it ever reaches the Indians, through the hands of those who may manipulate it or otherwise....

...I have heard it said, as the Senator from Kansas has intimated, that the policy amounts to this, that you fatten the Indians during the winter in order that they may be better prepared to slay during the summer; but from what I have heard on the other side in regard to these reservations I do not believe there is much fattening of the Indians. It is rather starvation in consequence of a deficiency of food, and they break out in search of the necessaries of life from these reservations in consequence of the inefficiency of the supply. That has been the history....

J. Rodman West (Rep., La.): I should like to have the amendment reported that we may understand what it is. I want to know what the pending question is....

...There is a principle before the Senate and a very simple one as to whether

it is cheaper to feed Indians than to fight them. Having in the course of my military experience spent eighteen months precisely in the locality of these Indians and controlling them absolutely by military power, I think I have some reason to give my experience to the Senate.

Then the mere question is whether we shall feed or fight them. To fight them will cost you $2,000,000. To feed them will cost you $525,000. The question is, is $525,000 too much, or is it not enough? Let me say that I have figured just this moment how many Apache Indians there are on the reservations in New Mexico and Arizona. There are seventy-eight hundred and twenty. the difficulty the Senator from Kansas finds is that he confounds other Indians with the Apaches. The Apaches have various names, I think some seven or eight, for the various tribes according to the manner in which they stain their arrows. I could always tell when I was fighting in an Indian fight by their arrows as we picked them up afterward.

So we have according to the Commissioner's statement seventy-eight hundred and twenty of these Indians upon the reservation. The estimate is that they can be fed for twenty cents a day, giving you $1,564 a day and $570,860 a year, and this bill calls for $500,000.
That in brief has been my experience and that is the result as stated by the Commissioner, and it is economy of the most judicious kind. I have no love for these Indians; if I had any use for them they would not be where they are, considering the treatment that men under my command met at their hands; but it is an absolute economy and it is an economy within a judicious limitation and within a numerical limitation that cannot be controverted....

Congressional Record, 43rd Congress, 2nd Session, pp. 1474-79.

LESSON THREE

THE GHOST DANCE

A. Objectives (One Day)

1. To show students how deeply distressed people participate in revitalization or messianic movements.

2. To lead students to confront and overcome their own cultural prejudices.

B. Lesson Activities

1. Set up collaborative groups and have students analyze **DOCUMENTS E** and **F**, the reports by Mooney and Black Elk. Have students fill out a **WORKSHEET I**, a Document Analysis Worksheet for both documents.

2. Mooney was sent by the United States government to investigate the Ghost Dance as a possible threat to whites. An ethnologist with an unusual degree of sympathy for Indians, he succeeded in exploring the movement thoroughly. Although he emphasized the peaceful objectives of many Ghost Dancers, the government did not agree and campaigned to suppress it. Who was right: Mooney or the government?

3. With **DOCUMENT E**, students have an opportunity to acknowledge that they may think that it was "inevitable" that the Indian nations were destroyed because they were not civilized. Is the Ghost Dance so different from religious observances of "civilized" people? What do they think of Wovoka's claim to be a messiah? The teacher should strive to show that the Ghost Dance was not an act of desperation and self-pity by Indians but an attempt to restore their

sense of community and cultural integrity.

C. Evaluating the Unit

Have students write a short essay in class under the title "Recommendations for a National Indian Policy in 1865," that is, before the bitterness made alternatives impossible. How does the student think the government should have handled the situation, based on what he or she has learned in this lesson?

Arapaho ghost shirt. Photo courtesty of the Nevada Historical Society

DOCUMENT ANALYSIS WORKSHEET

I. Date of document: _____

II. Title: _____

III. Author: _____

IV. For that audience was the document written? _____

V. Document information:

A. List three things the author said which you think are important:

1. _____

_____

2. _____

_____

3. _____

_____

B. Why do you think this document was written?

_____

_____

_____

_____

C. What evidence in the document helped you to know why it was written? Quote from the document.

" _____

_____

_____

_____"

D. List **two** things the document tells you about Indian life at the time it was written.

_____

_____

_____

_____

E. List two things the document tells you about Indian/White relations at the time it was written.

_____

_____

_____

_____

F. Write a question to the author which is left unanswered by the document.

_____

_____

_____

_____

Adapted from a worksheet designed and developed by the Education Branch, Office of Public Programs, National Archives, Washington, DC 20408.

HISTORICAL RESOURCE: DOCUMENT E

THE GHOST DANCE RELIGION
(Primary Source)

The Doctrine of the Ghost Dance

You must not fight. Do no harm to anyone. Do right always.—Wovoka.

The great underlying principle of the Ghost dance doctrine is that the time will come when the whole Indian race, living and dead, will be reunited upon a regenerated earth, to live a life of aboriginal happiness, forever free from death, disease, and misery. On this foundation each tribe has built a structure from its own mythology, and each apostle and believer has filled in he details according to his own mental capacity or ideas of happiness, with such additions as come to him from the trance. Some changes, also, have undoubtedly resulted from the transmission of the doctrine through the imperfect medium of the sign language. The differences of interpretation are precisely such as we find in Christianity, with its hundreds of sects and innumerable shades of individual opinion. The white race, being alien and secondary and hardly real, has no part in this scheme of aboriginal regeneration, and will be left behind with the other things of earth that have served their temporary purpose, or else will cease entirely to exist.

All this is to be brought about by an overruling spiritual power that needs no assistance from human creatures; and though certain medicine-men were disposed to anticipate the Indian millennium by preaching resistance to the further encroachments of the whites, such teachings form no part of the true doctrine, and it was only where chronic dissatisfaction was aggravated by recent grievances, as among the Sioux, that the movement assumed a hostile expression. On the contrary, all believers were exhorted to make themselves worthy of the predicted happiness by discarding all things warlike and practicing honesty, peace, and good will, not only among themselves, but also toward the whites, so long as they were together. Some apostles have even thought that all race distinctions are to be obliterated, and that the whites are to participate with the Indians in the coming felicity; but it seems unquestionable that this is equally contrary to the doctrine as originally preached.

Different dates have been assigned at various times for the fulfillment of the prophecy. Whatever the year, it has generally been held, for very natural reasons,

that the regeneration of the earth and the renewal of all life would occur in the early spring. In some cases July, and particularly the 4th of July, was the expected time. This, it may be noted, was about the season when the great annual ceremony of the sun dance formerly took place among the prairie tribes. The messiah himself has set several dates from time to time, as one prediction after another failed to materialize, and in his message to the Cheyenne and Arapaho, in August, 1891, he leaves the whole matter in open question. The date universally recognized among all the tribes immediately prior to the Sioux outbreak was the spring of 1891. As springtime came and passed, and summer grew and waned, and autumn faded again into winter without the realization of their hopes and longings, the doctrine gradually assumed its present form—that some time in the unknown future the Indian will be united with his friends who have gone before, to be forever supremely happy, and that this happiness may be anticipated in dreams, if not actually hastened in reality, by earnest and frequent attendance on the sacred dance....

We may now consider details of the doctrine as held by different tribes, beginning with the Paiute, among whom it originated. The best account of the Paiute belief is contained in a report to the War Department by Captain J. M. Lee, who was sent out in the autumn of 1890 to investigate the temper and fighting strength of the Paiute and other Indians in the vicinity of Fort Bodwell in northeastern California. We give the statement obtained by him from Captain Dick, a Paiute, as delivered one day in a conversational way and apparently without reserve, after nearly all the Indians had left the room:

> ***"Long time, twenty years ago, Indian medicine-man in Mason's valley at Walker lake talk same way, same as you hear now. In one year, maybe, after he begin talk he die. Three years ago another medicine-man begin same talk. Heap talk all time. Indians hear all about it everywhere. Indians come from long way off to hear him. They come from the east; they make signs. Two years ago me go to Winnemucca and Pyramid lake, me see Indian Sam, a head man, and Johnson Sides. Sam he tell me he just been to see Indian medicine-man to hear him talk. Sam say medicine-man talk this way:***
>
> ***'All Indians must dance, everywhere, keep on dancing. Pretty soon in next spring Big Man [Great Spirit] come. He bring back all game***

of every kind. The game be thick everywhere. All dead Indians come back and live again. They all be strong just like young men, be young again. Old blind Indian see again and get young and have fine time. When Old Man [God] comes this way, then all the Indians go to mountains, high up away from whites. Whites can't hurt Indians then. Then while Indians way up high, big flood comes like water and all white people die, get drowned. After that water go way and then nobody but Indians everywhere and game all kinds thick. Then medicine-man tell Indians to send word to all Indians to keep up dancing and the good time will come. Indians who don't dance, who don't believe in this word, will grow little, just about a foot high, and stay that way. Some of them will be turned into wood and be burned in fire.' That's the way Sam tell me the medicine-man talk."

Lieutenant N. P. Phister, who gathered a part of the material embodied in Captains Lee's report, confirms this general statement and gives a few additional particulars. The flood is to consist of mingled mud and water, and when the faithful go up into the mountains, the skeptics will be left behind and will be turned to stone. The prophet claims to receive these revelations directly from God and the spirits of the dead Indians during his trances. He asserts also that he is invulnerable, and that if soldiers should attempt to kill him they would fall down as if they had no bones and die, while he would still live, even though cut into little pieces.

One of the first and most prominent of those who brought the doctrine to the prairie tribes was Porcupine, a Cheyenne, who crossed the mountains with several companions in the fall of 1889, visited Wovoka, and attended the dance near Walker lake, Nevada. In his report of his experiences, made some months later to a military officer, he states that Wovoka claimed to be Christ himself who had come back again, many centuries after his first rejection, in pity to teach his children. He quotes the prophet as saying:

"I found my children were bad, so I went back to heaven and left them. I told them that in so many hundred years I would come back to see my children. At the end of this time I was sent back to try to teach them. My father told me the earth was getting old and worn out and the people getting bad, and that I was to renew everything as it used

to be and make it better.

He also told us that all our dead were to be resurrected; that they were all to come back to earth, and that, as the earth was too small for them and us, he would do away with heaven and make the earth itself large enough to contain us all; that we must tell all the people we met about these things. He spoke to us about fighting, and said that was bad and we must keep from it; that the earth was to be all good hereafter, and we must all be friends with one another. He said that in the fall of the year the youth of all good people would be renewed, so that nobody would be more than forty years old, and that if they behaved themselves well after this the youth of everyone would be renewed in the spring. He said if we were all good he would send people among us who could heal all our wounds and sickness by mere touch and that we would live forever. He told us not to quarrel or fight or strike each other, or shoot one another; that the whites and Indians were to be all one people. He said if any man disobeyed what he ordered his tribe would be wiped from the face of the earth; that we must believe everything he said, and we must not doubt him or say he lied; that if we did, he would know it; that he would know our thoughts and actions in no matter what part of the world we might be."

Here we have the statement that both races are to live together as one. We have also the doctrine of healing by touch. Whether or not this is an essential part of the system is questionable, but it is certain that the faithful believe that great physical good comes to them, to their children, and to the sick from the imposition of hands by the priests of the dance, apart from the ability thus conferred to see the things of the spiritual world....

The Hypnotic Process

The most important feature of the Ghost dance, and the secret of the trances, is hypnotism. It has been hastily assumed that hypnotic knowledge and ability belong only to an overripe civilization, such as that of India and ancient Egypt, or to the most modern period of scientific investigation. The fact is, however, that practical knowledge, if not understanding, of such things belongs to people who

live near to nature, and many of the stories told by reliable travelers of the strange performances of savage shamans can be explained only on this theory....

"...Immediately on coming among the Arapaho and Cheyenne in 1890, I heard numerous stories of wonderful things that occurred in the Ghost dance—how people died, went to heaven and came back again, and how they talked with dead friends and brought back messages from the other world. Quite a number who had thus "died" were mentioned and their adventures in the spirit land were related with great particularity of detail, but as most of the testimony came from white men, none of whom had seen the dance for themselves, I preserved the scientific attitude of skepticism. So far as could be ascertained, none of the intelligent people of the agency had thought the subject sufficiently worthy of serious consideration to learn whether the reports were true or false. On talking with the Indians I found them unanimous in their statements as to the visions, until I began to think there might be something in it.

The first clew to the explanation came from the statement of his own experience in the trance, given by Paul Boynton, a particularly bright Carlisle student, who acted as my interpreter. His brother had died some time before, and as Paul was anxious to see and talk with him which the new doctrine taught was possible, he attended the next Ghost dance, and putting his hands upon the head of Sitting Bull, according to the regular formula, asked him to help him see his dead brother. Paul is of an inquiring disposition, and, besides his natural longing to meet his brother again, was actuated, as he himself said, by a desire to try "every Indian trick." He then told how Sitting Bull had hypnotized him with the eagle feather and the motion of his hands, until he fell unconscious and did really see his brother, but awoke just as he was about to speak to him probably because one of the dancers had accidentally brushed against him as he lay on the ground. He embodied his experience in a song which was afterward sung in the dance. From his account it seemed almost certain that the secret was hypnotism. The explanation might have occurred to me sooner but fore the fact that my previous Indian informants, after the manner of some other witnesses, had told only about their trance visions, forgetting to state how the visions were brought about.

This was in winter and the ground was covered deeply with snow, which stopped the dancing for several weeks. In the meantime I improved the opportunity be visiting the tipis every night to learn the songs and talk about the new religion.

HISTORICAL RESOURCE: DOCUMENT E

When the snow melted, the dances were renewed, and by this time I had gained the confidence of the Indians I was invited to be present and thereafter on numerous occasions was able to watch the whole process by which the trances were produced. From the outside hardly anything can be seen of what goes on within the circle, but being a part of the circle myself I was able to see all that occurred inside, and by fixing attention on one subject at a time I was able to note all the stages of the phenomenon from the time the subject first attracted the notice of the medicine-man, though he staggering, the rigidity, the unconsciousness, and back again to wakefulness. On two occasions my partner in the dance, each time a woman, came under the influence and I was thus enabled to note the very first nervous tremor of her hand and mark it as it increased in violence until she broke away and staggered toward the medicine-man within the circle.

Young women are usually the first to be affected, then older women, and lastly men. Sometimes, however, a man proves as sensitive as the average woman. In particular I have seen one young Arapaho become rigid in the trance night after night. He was a Carlisle student, speaking good English and employed as clerk in a store. He afterward took part in the sun dance, dancing three days and nights without food, drink, or sleep. He is of a quiet, religious disposition, and if of white parentage would perhaps have become a minister, but being an Indian, the same tendency leads him into the Ghost dance and the sun dance. The fact that he could endure the terrible ordeal of the sun dance would go to show that his physical organization is not frail, as is frequently the case with hypnotic or trance subjects. so far as personal observation goes, the hypnotic subjects are usually as strong and healthy as the average of their tribe. It seems to be a question more of temperament than of bodily condition or physique. After having observed the Ghost dance among the southern tribes at intervals during a period of about four years, it is apparent that the hypnotic tendency is growing, although the original religious excitement is dying out. The trances are now more numerous among the same number of dancers. Some begin to tremble and stagger almost at the beginning of the dance, without any effort on the part of the medicine-man, while formerly it was usually late in the night before the trances began, although the medicine-men were constantly at work to produce such result. In many if not in most cases the medicine-men themselves have been in trances produced in the same fashion, and must thus be considered sensitives as well as those hypnotized by them....

HISTORICAL RESOURCE: DOCUMENT E

...There is frequently a good deal of humbug mixed with these performance, some evidently pretending to by hypnotized in order to attract notice or to bring about such a condition from force of imitation, but the greater portion is unquestionably genuine and beyond the control of the subjects. In many instances the hypnotized person spins around for minutes at a time like a dervish, or whirls the arms with apparently impossible speed, or assumes and retains until the final fall most uncomfortable positions which it would be impossible to keep for any length of time under normal conditions. Frequently a number of persons are within the ring at once, in all the various stages of hypnotism. the proportion of women thus affected is about three times that of men...."

From James Mooney, *The Ghost-Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890*. Ed. Anthony F. C. Wallace. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1965 [1895].

HISTORICAL RESOURCE: DOCUMENT F

DESCRIPTION OF THE GHOST DANCE
(Primary Source)

THE MESSIAH

[Black Elk, as told to John G. Neihardt]

There was hunger among my people before I went away across the big water, because the Wasichus did not give us all the food they promised in the Black Hills treaty. They made that treaty themselves; our people did not want it and did not make it. Yet the Wasichus who made it had given us less than half as much as they promised. So the people were hungry before I went away.

But it was worse when I came back. My people looked pitiful. There was a big drouth, and the rivers and creeks seemed to by dying. Nothing would grow that the people had planted, and the Wasichus had been sending less cattle and other food than ever before. The Wasichus had slaughtered all the bison and shut us up in pens. It looked as though we might all starve to death. We could not eat lies, and there was nothing we could do.

And now the Wasichus had made another treaty to take away from us about half the land we had left. Our people did not want this treaty either, but Three Stars[1] came and made the treaty just the same, because the Wasichus wanted our land between the Smoky Earth and the Good River. So the flood of Wasichus, dirty with bad deeds, gnawed away half of the island that was left to us. When Three Stars came to kill us on the Rosebud, Crazy Horse whipped him and drove him back. But when he came this time without any soldiers, he whipped us and drove us back. We were penned up and could do nothing.

All the time I was away from home across the big water, my power was gone, and I was like a dead man moving around most of the time. I could hardly remember my vision, and when I did remember, it seemed like a dim dream.

Just after I came back, some people asked me to cure a sick person, and I was afraid the power would not come back to me; but it did. So I went on helping the

[1] General Crook headed the commission that arranged the treaty of 1889.

sick, and there were many, for the measles had come among the people who were already weak because of hunger. There were more sick people that winter when the whooping cough came and killed little children who did not have enough to eat.

So it was. Our people were pitiful and in despair.

But early that summer when I came back from across the big water (1889) strange news had come from the west, and the people had been talking and talking about it. They were talking about it when I came home, and that was the first I had heard of it. This news came to the Ogalalas first of all, and I heard that it came to us from the Shoshones and Blue Clouds (Arapahoes). Some believed it and some did not believe. It was hard to believe; and when I first heard of it, I thought it was only foolish talk that somebody had started somewhere. This news said that out yonder in the west at a place near where the great mountains (The Sierras) stand before you come to the big water, there was a sacred man among the Paiütes who had talked to the Great Spirit in a vision, and the Great Spirit had told him how to save the Indian peoples and make the Wasichus disappear and bring back all the bison and the people who were dead and how there would be a new earth. Before I came back, the people had got together to talk about this and they had sent three men, Good Thunder, Brave Bear and Yellow Breast, to see this sacred man with their own eyes and learn if the story about him was true. So these three men had made the long journey west, and in the fall after I came home, they returned to the Ogalalas with wonderful things to tell.

There was a big meeting at the head of White Clay Creek, not far from Pine Ridge, when they came back, but I did not go over there to hear, because I did not yet believe. I thought maybe it was only the despair that made people believe, just as a man who is starving may dream of plenty of everything to eat.

I did not go over to the meeting, but I heard all they had to tell. These three men all said the same thing, and they were good men. They said that they traveled far until they came to a great flat valley[2] near the last great mountains before the big water, and there they saw the Wanekia,[3] who was the son of the Great Spirit, and

[2] Mason Valley, Nevada
[3] "One Who Makes Live."

they talked to him. Wasichus called him Jack Wilson, but his name was Wovoka. He told them that there was another world coming, just like a cloud. It would come in a whirlwind out of the west and would crush out everything on this world, which was old and dying. In that other world, which was old and dying. In that other world there was plenty of meat, just like old times; and in that world all the dead Indians were alive, and all the bison that had ever been killed were roaming around again.

This sacred man gave some sacred red paint and two eagle feather to Good Thunder. The people must put this paint on their faces and they must dance a ghost dance that the sacred man taught to Good Thunder, Yellow breast, and Brave Bear. If they did this, they could get on this other world when it came, and the Waischus would not be able to get on, and so they would disappear. When he gave the two eagle feathers to Good Thunder, the sacred man said: "Receive these eagle feathers and behold them, for my father will cause these to bring your people back to him."

This was all that was heard the whole winter.

When I heard this about the red paint and the eagle feathers and about bringing the people back to the Great Spirit, it made me think hard. I had had a great vision that was to bring the people back into the nation's hoop, and maybe this sacred man had had the same vision and it was going to come true, so that the people would get back on the red road. Maybe I was not meant to do this myself, but if I helped with the power that was given me, the tree might bloom again and the people prosper. This was in my mind all that winter, but I did not know what vision the sacred man out there had seen, and I wished I could talk to him and find out. This was sitting deeper in my mind every day, and it was a very bad winter, with much hunger and sickness.

My father died in the first part of the winter from the bad sickness that many people had. This made me very sad. Everything good seemed to be going away. My younger brother and sister had died before I came home, and now I was fatherless in this world. But I still had my mother. I was working in a store for the Wasichus so that I could get something for her to eat, and I just kept on working there and thinking about what Good Thunder, Yellow Breast, and Brave Bear had told; but I did not feel sure yet.

During that winter the people wanted to hear some more about this sacred man and the new world coming, so they sent more men out there to learn what they could. Good Thunder and Yellow Breast, with two others, went from Pine Ridge. Some went with them from other agencies, and two of these were Kicking Bear and Short Bull. News came back from these men as they traveled west, and it seemed that everywhere people with my power.

Then it was spring (1890), and I heard that these men had all come back from the west and that they said it was all true. I did not go to this meeting either, but I heard the gossip that was everywhere now, and people said it really the son of the Great Spirit who was out there; that when he came to the Wasichus a long time ago, they had killed him; but he was coming to the Indians this time, and there would not be any Wasichus in the new world that would come like a cloud in a whirlwind and crush out the old earth that was dying. This they said would happen after one more winter, when the grasses were appearing (1891).

I heard many wonderful things about the Wanekia that these men had seen heard, and they were good men. He could make animals talk, and once while they were with him he made a spirit vision, and they all saw it. They saw a big water, and beyond it was a beautiful green land where all the Indians that had ever lived and the bison and the other animals were all coming home together. Then the Wanekia, they said, made the vision go out, because it was not yet time for this to happen. After another winter it would happen, when the grasses were appearing.

And once, they said, the Wanekia held out his hat for them to look into; and when they did this, all but one saw there the whole world and all that was wonderful. But that one could see only the inside of the hat, they said.

Good Thunder himself told me that, with the power of the Wanekia, he had gone to a bison skin tepee; and there his son, who had been dead a long time, was living with his wife, and they had a long talk together.

This was not like my great vision, and I just went on working in the store. I was puzzled and did not know what to think.

Afterwhile I heard that north of Pine Ridge at the head of Cheyenne Creek,

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Kicking Bear had held the first ghost dance, and that people who danced had seen their dead relatives and talked to them. The next thing I heard was that they were dancing on Wounded Knee Creek just below Manderson.

I did not believe yet, but I wanted to find out things, because all this was sitting more and more strongly in my heart since my father died. Something seemed to tell me to go and see. For awhile I kept from going, but at last I could not any more. So I got on my horse and went to this ghost dance on Wounded Knee Creek below Manderson.

I was surprised, and could hardly believe what I saw; because so much of my vision seemed to be in it. The dancers, both women and men, were holding hands in a big circle, and in the center of the circle they had a tree painted red with most of its branches cut off and some dead leaves on it. This was exactly like the part of my vision where the holy tree was dying, and the circle of the men and women holding hands was like the sacred hoop that should have power to make the tree to bloom again. I saw too that the sacred articles the people had offered were scarlet, as in my vision, and all their faces were painted red. Also, they used the pipe and the eagle feathers. I sat there looking on and feeling sad. It all seemed to be from my great vision somehow and I had done nothing yet to make the tree to bloom.

Then all at once great happiness overcame me, and it all took hold of me right there. This was to remind me to get to work at once and help to bring my people back into the sacred hoop, that they might again walk the red road in a sacred manner pleasing to the Powers of the Universe that are One Power. I remembered how the spirits had taken me to the center of the earth and shown me the good things, and how my people should prosper. I remembered how the Six Grandfathers had told me that through their power I should make my people live and the holy tree should bloom. I believed my vision was coming true at last, and happiness overcame me.

When I went to the dance, I went only to see and to learn what the people believed; but now I was going to stay and use the power that had been given me. The dance was over for that day, but they would dance again next day, and I would dance with them.

HISTORICAL RESOURCE: DOCUMENT F

VISIONS OF THE OTHER WORLD

So I dressed myself in a sacred manner, and before the dance began next morning I went among the people who were standing around the withered tree. Good Thunder, who was a relative of my father and later married my mother, put his arms around me and took me to the sacred tree that had not bloomed, and there he offered up a prayer for me. He said: "Father, Great Spirit, behold this boy! Your ways he shall see!" Then he began to cry.

I thought of my father and my brother and sister who had left us, and I could not keep the tears from running out of my eyes. I raised my face up to keep them back, but they came out just the same. I cried with my whole heart, and while I cried I thought of my people in despair. I thought of my vision, and how it was promised me that my people should have a place in this earth where they could be happy every day. I thought of them on the wrong road now, but maybe they could be brought back into the hoop again and to the good road.

Under the tree that never bloomed I stood and cried because it had withered away. With tears on my face I asked the Great Spirit to give it life and leaves and singing birds, as in my vision.

Then there came a strong shivering all over my body, and I knew that the power was in me.

Good Thunder now took one of my arms, Kicking Bear the other, and we began to dance. The song we sang was like this:

"Who do you think he is that comes?
It is one who seeks his mother!

It was what the dead would sing when entering the other world and looking for their relatives who had gone there before them.

As I danced, with Good Thunder and Kicking Bear holding my arms between them, I had the queer feeling that I knew and I seemed to be lifted clear off the ground. I did not have a vision all that first day. That night I thought about the other world and that the Wanekia himself was with my people there and maybe

the holy tree of my vision was really blooming yonder right then, and that it was there my vision had already come true. From the center of the earth I had been shown all good and beautiful things in a great circle of peace, and maybe this land of my vision was where all my people were going, and there they would live and prosper where no Wasichus were or could ever be.

Before we started dancing next day, Kicking Bear offered a prayer, saying: "Father, Great Spirit, behold these people! They shall go forth to-day to see their relatives, and yonder they shall be happy, day after day, and their happiness will not end."

Then we began dancing, and most of the people wailed and cried as they danced, holding hands in a circle; but some of them laughed with happiness. Now and then some one would fall down like dead, and others would go staggering around and panting before they would fall. While they were lying there like dead they were having visions, and we kept on dancing and singing, and many were crying for the old way of living and that the old religion might be with them again.

After awhile I began to feel very queer. First, my legs seemed to be full of ants. I was dancing with my eyes closeed, as the others did. Suddenly it seemed that I was swinging off the ground and not touching it any longer. The queer feeling came up from my legs and was in my heart now. It seemed I would glide forward like a swing, and then glide back again in longer and longer swoops. There was no fear with this, just a growing happiness.

I must have fallen down, but I felt as though I had fallen off a swing when it was going forward, and I was floating head first through the air. My arms were stretched out, and all I saw at first was a single feather was a spotted eagle dancing on ahead of me with his wings fluttering, and he was making the shrill whistle that is his. My body did not move at all, but I looked ahead and floated fast toward where I looked.

There was a ridge right in front of me, and I thought I was going to run into it, but I went right over it. On the other side of the ridge I could see a beautiful land where many, many people were camping in a great circle. I could see that they were happy and had plenty. Everywhere there were drying racks full of meat. The air was clear and beautiful with a living light that was everywhere. All around

the circle, feeding on the green, green grass, were fat and happy horses; and animals of all kinds were scattered all over the green hills, and singing hunters were returning with their meat.

I floated over the tepees and began to come down feet first at the center of the hoop where I could see a beautiful tree all green and full of flowers. When I touched the ground, two men were coming toward me, and they wore holy shirts made and painted in a certain way. They came to me and said: "It is not yet time to see your father, who is happy. You have work to do. We will give you something that you shall carry back to your people, and with it they shall come to see their loved one."

I knew it was the way their holy shirts were made that they wanted me to take back. They told me to return at once, and then I was out in the air again, floating fast as before. When I came right over the dancing place, the people were still dancing, but it seemed they were not making any sound. I had hoped to see the withered tree in bloom, but it was dead.

Then I fell back into my body, and as I did this I heard voices all around and above me, and I was sitting on the ground. Many were crowding around, asking me what vision I had seen. I told them just what I had seen, and what I brought back was the memory of the holy shirts the two men wore.

That evening some of us got together at Big Road's tepee and decided to use the ghost shirts I had seen. So the next day I made ghost shirts I had seen. So the next day I made ghost shirts all day long and painted them in the sacred manner of my vision. As I made these shirts, I thought how in my vision everything was like old times and the tree was flowering, but when I came back the tree was dead. And I thought that if this world would do as the vision teaches, the tree could bloom here too....

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